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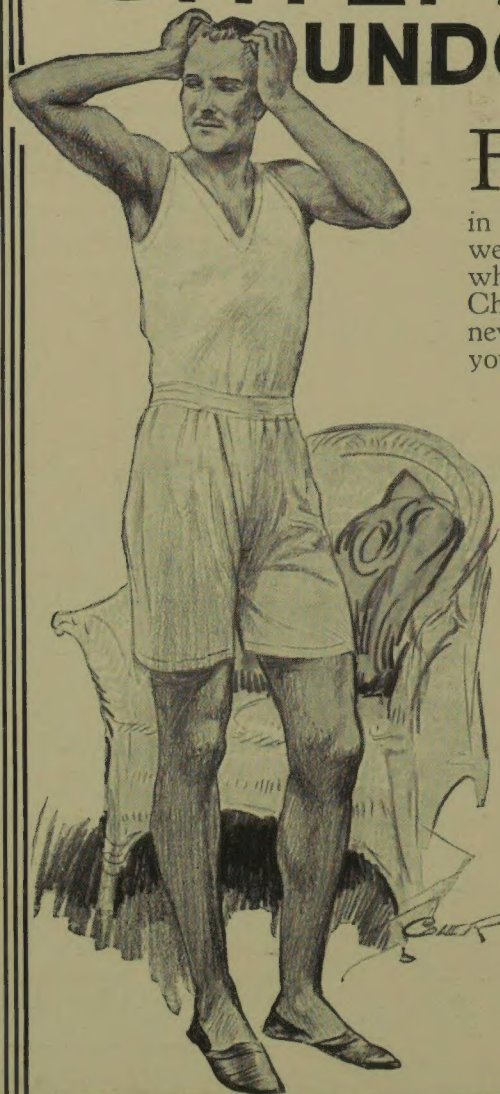
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1934.



NATURE AS CHURCH ARCHITECT: AN AMAZING ROCK-FORMATION IN A VALLEY OF CAPPADOCIA—A NATURAL "SPIRE" CONTAINING A 10TH-CENTURY ROCK-CUT MONASTERY, APPROACHED BY A PRECIPITOUS ASCENT.

In the heart of Asia Minor, among the mountains near the ancient capital of Cappadocia, there is a deep valley full of amazing rock-formations in the shape of huge cones, or spires, left standing by a process of erosion which wore away softer rock surrounding them. The whole region is dominated by an extinct volcano, Mt. Argeus. Most of the extraordinary cones of friable rock in this valley are honey-combed with holes and interior excavations made by the hand of man. These

consist chiefly of abandoned churches, monasteries, and cells, while some of the caverns are still inhabited by modern troglodytes. Elsewhere in this number we give further photographs illustrating these remarkable rock-cut shrines and dwellings, with an article on their history. Some of these astonishing examples of nature's collaboration with man in ecclesiastical architecture date from the sixth century. Several contain wall-paintings and sculptured work.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. COSTA. COPYRIGHT RESERVED. (SEE ALSO PAGES 686, 687, 688 AND 689.)



IN A VALLEY OF CHURCHES OF WHICH NATURE AND MAN WERE CO-ARCHITECTS: TWO OF COUNTLESS CONICAL ROCKS,
WITH ENTRANCES TO CHURCHES AND MONASTERIES EXCAVATED WITHIN THEM MANY CENTURIES AGO.

The amazing region of great conical crags, honeycombed in mediæval times by churches and monasteries excavated within the solid rock, of which examples appear on these two pages, the front page and pages 688 and 689, is described in the following article by Mr. A. Costa, who has supplied the remarkably interesting photographs:—"Cappadocia," he writes, "is a province in the centre of Asia Minor, mostly occupied by a high plateau, whose altitude varies around three thousand feet, and the whole country is dominated by a now extinct volcano, Mount Argeus. Its geological formation, especially near Mount Argeus, is thus volcanic. On the way from Cæsarea, the capital of Cappadocia, to Urgub, by Indjé Sou, the traveller is soon faced, when on top of Topouz Dag, by the most amazing sight. A deep

valley cuts the high plateau, and in it huge cones of a harder stone, due to erosion, are to be seen everywhere. These extraordinary cones, sometimes looking like needles, or like huge ant-hills, have the most vivid colours—dead white, pink, or chrome yellow. Some of them are plain, while others are striped, showing the stratification of the tufa of which they are composed. As most of these cones are honeycombed with holes, they present the appearance of a dead city once inhabited by giants. These holes or caverns are not a natural formation, but have been carved by the hand of man. Most of them are abandoned churches, monasteries or cells, and some, especially in the villages of Urgub, Matchan, Oudj-Hissar, and Djemil, are houses still inhabited by real troglodyte families. These cones seem to have

[Continued opposite.



**ROCK-MONASTERIES OF ANCIENT CAPPADOCIA: ENTRANCES IN THE ROCK-FACE TO THE CELLS OF MONASTIC "TROGLODYTES,"
AND (OVER THAT ON THE RIGHT) ROWS OF SMALL HOLES ONCE USED BY MONKS AS "BOOK-CASES."**

been excavated and inhabited in very remote times. As early as the sixth century after Christ, in 'the Acts of Saint Hieron,' the caves in Matchan are mentioned, and there is also an allusion to them in Leon Diacre's 'History of the Reign of Nicephoras Phocas.' As the region has very few trees, the population naturally proceeded to excavate the very friable stone, which would provide a dwelling both safe and salubrious, these abodes being cool in the summer, and warm during the very rigorous winter of these regions. The present inhabitants are Turks, but before the exchange of the Greek population in 1922 many villages, such as Urgub for instance, had a large Greek or Armenian majority. Around Gueureme (the Greek 'Korama') the holes in the cones are very numerous. Here they are practically all

churches or cells, and it is evident that there must have been an important monastic community there in the Middle Ages. One of these churches, called by the peasants Qezlar Qualessi (the Castle of the Virgins), implies the existence of a nunnery, too, in the same region. All the façades of the rock churches of Cappadocia, and those of Urgub in particular, have one feature in common—the scarcity of exterior decoration. Some façades are adorned with very simple blind arcades, with a horse-shoe arch, some pilasters, and a little pediment, while the decoration in its simplicity seems very similar to that in the palace of Ctesiphon, and shows eastern influence prevailing. The doors are often cut like mill-stones, thus allowing the monk or hermit inhabiting the cell to be secure from the incursions of the Arabs, who

[Continued on page 689]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE has lately been growing, through a great part of our press, something which seems to me like a creeping paralysis that every patriot should resist. It has very little to do with any particular party policy which any patriot may happen to think patriotic. Whether England should intervene in Europe at this or that period, on this or that side, in support of this or that ally or even enemy, is a point of diplomacy about which diplomats differ; a point of politics about which not only politicians, but even human beings differ. I have my own views, but they are entirely my own. I have occasionally mentioned them on this page, but never as anything but my own. Thus, with my well-known taste for paradox, I maintained, even after the war, that Germany contained here and there a few scattered seeds of something almost resembling militarism; I ventured to doubt whether all the Prussians had become Pacifists; I fancied that even in that calm and enlightened land there was still the possibility of a tribal terrorism flaring up once more. For this I was very properly rebuked by many correspondents and conversationalists, who pointed out that waving swords and wearing uniforms is a crime strictly confined to the degraded Latins. But, though I have sometimes made such special guesses here, it is no such guess that I am making now. The thing I am thinking of is not any notion that our natural allies are the peace-makers who form the whole population of Germany or the negro savages who form the whole population of France. I am, singular as it may seem, concerned about England. But I am most mortally convinced that England cannot be only concerned about England. I am most mortally opposed to the general idea, now being insinuated everywhere, that England need not be concerned about Europe. In short, there is a pressure prevailing on every side which is designed to make us once more entirely insular. Now, it is retrograde and reactionary and obscurantist to suppose that we can be insular. But it is cracked and crazy and raving mad to suppose that we can be both imperial and also insular.

This false fashion or sentiment, however, is something wider and therefore vaguer even than this. It is the uneducated notion that we can have a foreign policy without a historical philosophy. Broadly, it means three things: first, that we are so happy in having politicians that they do not need to have a policy; second, that, because politicians are not philosophers, we do not need to have a philosophy; and third, that we can have a foreign policy which ignores the existence of foreigners. The first thing to say about this folly is that it looks like a milder and weaker version of the folly of Hitler and Hitlerism. Hitler also believes, or professes to believe, that he can promote international politeness by turning his back on everybody. He also has the astounding notion that he can spread the peaceful spirit abroad by inflaming the warlike spirit and keeping it at home. He also wants to cultivate insolence, but confine it to being insular.

Now, English people, with all their faults, are never so mad as Germans. The muddle in the mind takes a milder form with us; but it is quite as much of a muddle. We also are being encouraged to be arrogant, but told that we need never be militant. We also are told that we can have all the swagger of being Imperialists with all the safety of being Pacifists.

If a man could bring himself to allowing his great nation to become a small nation, a First-Class Power to become a Third-Class Power, a great Empire to become a small nationality, a thing like England to become a thing like Switzerland, it is very probable that the man would be happier; it

many military outposts as anybody else, twenty times as many isolated patches of foreign soil as anybody else, and yet walk the world denying that anything in the world is foreign. It was said in a fine satire of vulgar Imperialism, I think by John Burns, that the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth. But, since then, the fool has increased in folly. He believes now that the blindness of a fool can be in the ends of the earth, and yet the fool come to no harm in the end.

The one case for what we call The Empire is that it should have been called The Adventure. It never was the expansion of any rational rule or system, even over subject peoples; for the object of that sort of rule is not only conquest but conversion. England never pretended to teach the East Indies to be English, as Spain did to teach the West Indies to be Spanish. And, being English myself, my whole instinct and imagination are for the English way. I like the notion of sailing away simply to see the Great Mogul, or to see the Great Auk, and sailing back again leaving these monsters as monstrous as I found them. It might sometimes involve stealing the eggs of the Great Auk or the jewels of the Great Mogul; but it was in its nature an adventure and not an absorption. Anyhow, for good or evil, it naturally involved the holding of a number of scattered forts and bases and refuges; and our fathers, rightly or wrongly, took great care to hold them and knew they might have to fight for them. It is stark stupidity to suppose that men can hold a scattered strategic scheme of that sort for ever, while at the same time taking a solemn vow never to fight anybody any more for anything. I do not mind which side or which solution the advisers of the nation choose to take; I have some sympathy with both. England might become morally greater by becoming materially smaller; I think, on the whole, that England, like America, would have become morally greater if she had remained materially smaller. All I object to is the immoral self-indulgence of men who want to wallow in Jingoism because it is flattering, and also wallow in Quakerism because it is soothing.

All this is a very ordinary and obvious truth which all Englishmen as Englishmen ought to be able to see. I have, indeed, another reason myself for objecting to this queer new school of Jingo Pacifism. I do not happen to think that a man is becoming a good Englishman by being a bad European. English neutrality in European troubles, at any given moment, is a quite tenable policy, which many instructed and intelligent Englishmen approve. But it is one thing to be neutral in Europe, and another to be nothing in Europe. Never before has England been nothing in Europe; all the greatness of England was rooted in the greatness of Europe. And if she ever were so, she would immediately become nothing at all. The Englishman would be a half-witted wanderer who had lost his memory and forgotten even his name.



A "CATHEDRAL OF THE ROCKS," DESIGNED OUTSIDE BY NATURE AND WITHIN BY MAN: THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF TOQALE KILISSE—ONE OF A UNIQUE GROUP IN A VALLEY OF CAPPADOCIA.

On our front page and three others in this number we illustrate a unique group of rock churches and monasteries in a valley of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, containing a peculiar series of conical rocks, inside which the shrines and cells were excavated hundreds of years ago. The interior of the church shown above is seen in one of the photographs opposite.

Copyright Photograph by A. Costa. (See Article begun on Page 686.)

is very probable, indeed, that the nation would be happier. I need not discuss here how much of good and evil there is in the instinctive resistance which any man of any great historic tradition offers to that challenge and that change. Whether pride so impersonal is to be condemned as pride, whether what Aristotle called magnificence need always be anything so vulgar as megalomania, whether, in short, a good man may rejoice in the greatness as well as the goodness of his own family and society, is a matter about which moralists may sanely differ, a thing that may fairly be counted among the problems of morals. But this curious new school of Jingo Pacifists, now expressing itself through so many journalists, does not mean either of these distinct and intelligible things. These journalists do not mean that England should be a great State influencing the world, or that England should be a small State independent of the world. They do not mean that we should withdraw within normal national frontiers, and cut ourselves off from everybody. They mean that we should spread and sprawl over the whole earth, without coming in contact with anybody. They imagine that we can have twenty times as many frontiers as anybody else, twenty times as

ROCK-CUT CHURCHES AND MONASTIC CELLS; WITH WALL-PAINTINGS.

Continued from page 687.]

were masters of Cilicia before the victories of the Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, in 963. The existence of a narthex in practically all the churches is another important feature. Sometimes it is found at the side of the nave, looking then more like a porch, as in Armenia or Syria. Quite often tombs are to be found, which have been violated; and many of them are tombs of children, thus proving the former existence in these regions of a population not entirely monastic. The rock churches of Cappadocia can be grouped in four series. The first type, very common near Gueureme, and apparently the older, has a rectangular nave with a niche, where the altar stands, cut out of the living stone, while the nave is vaulted by cutting the stone to form a barrel vault; or sometimes a flat roof is found. The church is often double; that is, having two rectangular naves adjoining. The second group of churches also has rectangular naves, with the same barrel vaulting, but with the addition of three apses on the large side of the rectangle. No iconostase (a structure akin to a rood-screen) is to be found, but sometimes, as in very old church designs, a low wall divides the nave from the chancel. The third group consists of churches built on a cross plan, without columns. A cupola is found at the crossing of



(963—969), for it seems that the church was painted while the Byzantine Court was in Cappadocia, and we know that the Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, with his wife, the Empress Theophano, and their two sons stayed in this province (the Emperor's birthplace) during the second half of the tenth century, as the Emperor was then fighting the Arabs of Cilicia. The decoration of the church seems to have been ordered by an Armenian named Mleh, a friend of the Emperor. The chapel of Quarche Killise can also be dated. It is a later one, and an inscription mentioning the Emperor of Nicea, Theodore Lascaris, has been found. It is not known whether Cappadocia at this time belonged to the Emperor of Nicea (perhaps after the victory at Antioch, on the Meander, over the Sultan of Iconium, by the Emperor Theodore Lascaris in 1212), but in any case the Byzantine feeling was still very strong. The church of Toqale Killise, which is the biggest and most beautiful rock church of the region, can also be dated, to about the year 1000, by the style of its lovely paintings. An older church seems to have existed, whose nave, with its representation (in panels) of Saints in procession, is the only portion now to be seen. A new church, like a transept to the older one, was added later and was likewise adorned with



(ABOVE) RED DECORATION IN A HALF-FALLEN CHURCH: AN EXAMPLE OF BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE CARVED WITHIN SOLID ROCK.

(LEFT) THE INTERIOR OF TOQALE KILISSE, SHOWING THE TYPE OF HORSE-SHOE ARCH GENERALLY USED IN CAPPADOCIA.

(RIGHT) MEDIEVAL WALL-PAINTING IN A CHURCH CARVED OUT INSIDE SOLID ROCK: AN EXAMPLE OF FIGURE WORK NEAR GUEUREME.



the arms, and barrel vaulting in the arms of the cross. Finally, the fourth group comprises churches likewise built on a cross plan, with columns and numerous cupolas. The plan of these churches is very similar to Constantinopolitan Byzantine of the same date, and they appear to be later than the other three groups, but most of them are decorated with beautiful paintings. The sculptured decoration in the interior of these churches is simple—the altar, a few columns with very simple capitals, sometimes crosses showing an iconoclastic influence, and that is all. The painted decoration, on the other hand, when it exists, is exceedingly rich. The painted designs consist either of red zigzags, scrolls, medallions, and crosses, or of figure work, especially scenes from the Gospels arranged in panels. These mural paintings are not frescoes, but seem rather to have been executed by the process of tempera, as in Norman English work. It is very difficult to assign a period to these beautiful and austere paintings, as they are not signed or dated, but from internal evidence we can ascribe them to the ninth, tenth, or eleventh century; sometimes, but rarely, to a later time. The decoration of the church of Tchaouch In can be more precisely dated



THE NARROWEST OF THE MONASTERIES IN CAPPADOCIA: THE REMARKABLE POSITION OF CELLS CUT IN A SHEER ROCK-FACE.

paintings. Large figures boldly drawn on a grey-blue background are here visible. There is a curious fact about this church; that is, that the spelling of the inscriptions is always simplified; O takes the place of W; I is used instead of N, and no diphthongs are to be found any more. The iconography of these frescoes in the rock monasteries of Cappadocia is really more important than the style of the paintings. Very few paintings of the same date are to be found outside Cappadocia, and the iconography of the Cappadocian churches was destined to dominate France, England, Italy, and even Constantinople itself, in succeeding centuries. Apart from the churches, little cells, small libraries, or refectories are to be found in these cones. The refectories are curious, having a long table and benches carved out of the solid rock. They are very similar to those at Mount Athos or in the Monastery of Nea Moni in Chios. Some of these refectories are very small, and they might have been used by monks following the idiorhythmic rule (whereby each regulated his own mode of life), as opposed to the cenobitic system—a communal life in which they took their meals together in the same room."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SAM WELLERS OF THE GARDEN: BOTANICAL "IRREPRESSIBLES."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

AS gardeners well know, there are some plants, like certain gentians, for example, which will do no more than just hold their own in the garden, even with the most strenuous efforts to discover their needs. Flourish they will not. But there are other plants, both in the garden and in the wilds, which are, so to speak, of a more cheerful disposition. They refuse to be suppressed. In all this, plants are, indeed, very human! There are Sam Wellers, as well as "grouzers," among them. My pond has just reminded me of the many ways in which plants make provision, at one and the same time, against the cold, bleak days of winter and their reawakening in the spring. Some, like the trees, merely shed their leaves, some die down as soon as they have dispersed their seed, and some behave after a very different fashion. It is of these last I am thinking now. When I went to my pond this morning, I found, since my last inspection a few days ago, marked changes. The reeds and rushes are turning brown; the duckweed has disappeared, and the frog-bit (*Hydrocharis morsus-ranae*) is moribund. I was only just in the nick of time to secure specimens of their strange winter buds, which I particularly wanted to examine this year.

Everybody must be familiar with this little pondweed, though probably few suspect the many interesting points it presents. To begin with, it does not root itself in the mud at the bottom of the pond, but keeps itself afloat by means of its large kidney-shaped leaves, the roots hanging down in the water. During the summer it sends off long "runners," like strawberry-runners, which, having attained a certain length, produce new plants at their tips. As many as twenty such plants may surround the original parent by the end of the summer. The flowering season is of short duration, and for some mysterious

last year. One or two of the buds I have just found have, for the moment, mystified me. For they had burst, disclosing a transparent, jelly-like substance containing small round bodies like seeds. They may be buds which have prematurely burst. I shall probably find the correct interpretation of this mystery before long.



1. THE STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL, BUT BARREN, FLOWERS OF THE "TURK'S CAP LILY": A PLANT WHICH PRODUCES NO SEED, BUT PROPAGATES ITSELF BY MEANS OF THE "BULBILS" WHICH GROW ON ITS STEMS (SEEN IN FIG. 3).

The flower-heads of the Turk's cap lily (*Lilium bulbiferum*), which grows in the valleys of the Central and Northern Alps, produce no seeds, apparently because the insects which served it as pollen-bearers have become extinct. In several valleys of the Central Alps it produces no flowers at all. A "bulbil" may be defined as a small aerial bulb, or bud with fleshy scales, growing in the axils of leaves, as in the Turk's cap lily.

Now, there is much more in all this than meets the eye; for there is a very considerable number of plants which either set but few seeds, or none at all, after flowering, or may even not produce flowers at all. Finding themselves under conditions which make the survival of their race by seeds impossible, they make sure of securing their tenure by other means. In many cases this is done by means of "bulbils," recalling those of the frog-bit, or by small tubers, or "corms," which are shaken off from the dead plant by the wind. The "Turk's cap lily" (*Lilium bulbiferum*), which most gardeners grow, furnishes an example of these "bulbils," seen in Fig. 3. For some inexplicable reason the flowers of this plant never produce seed, not even in the valleys of the Central and Northern Alps where it grows wild. The only explanation so far offered for this is that the type of insect on which it depended as a pollen-carrier has become extinct, and self-fertilisation with them is impossible. This is the more strange since that other Orange lily (*L. croceum*), found wild in the Pyrenees and South France, always ripens its seed. And in this case, be it noted, "bulbils" are never produced.

We get another aspect of the case, showing the importance of insect pollen-carriers, in our lesser celandine (*Ranunculus ficaria*). Growing in sunny spots, little pollen-eating beetles, flies, and bees occasionally carry pollen from one flower to another, and fertile seed results. But such as grow in the shade either produce no flowers or they are infertile. In such cases the plant is dependent for its continuance in this area on bulbils produced in the axils of the upper foliage leaves. In like manner the coral root (*Dentaria bulbifera*), growing near the sunny border of beech-plantations, where insects are plentiful, produces seeds. Plants growing in the dusky glades, on the other hand, flower in vain, for no seed results, owing to the avoidance of this shade by the pollen-carrying insects. Here, again, bulbils carry on the race. The Viviparous bistort (*Polygonum viviparum*), one of our common weeds, for some unknown reason, often ripens seed only along the upper half of the flower-stalk, producing bulbils on the lower half in place of flowers; sometimes they

entirely replace the flowers. Why only half the flower-head should produce fertile flowers none can say. But it is to be noted that here it is on the flower-stalk and not on the axils of the leaves that the bulbils are produced. They are not, however, true "bulbils," but small tubers, or "corms," each with a minute terminal bud projecting like a little horn. Shaken off by the wind, they lie dormant during the winter. But in Norway they have another means of distribution. For they are greedily eaten by ptarmigan, from which many escape unharmed to grow in due season.

How necessary to the survival of the race, especially in some species, is this ability to produce bulbils, or "offshoots," is seen, for example, in the case of *Liorella lacustris* (a plant related to the plantains, which grows in the little meres of the Black Forest), for it can flower and bear fruit only in very dry years, when by evaporation large areas of these meres are converted into great stretches of mud. This state of things, however, is rare, so that as much as ten years may pass during which neither flowers nor fruit can be produced, but these "offshoots" enable them to tide over these difficult years. We find a parallel in *Cymodacea antarctica*, a submerged aquatic plant which grows luxuriously on some parts of the coast of Australia. It flowers so rarely that its peculiarly formed bulbils were for a long time regarded as its flowers.

There is yet another way by which plants are enabled to maintain a place in the sun without the production of seed. And this is somewhat remarkable. It consists in producing buds from the leaves, from which young plants grow out and put forth leaves as if they were in the soil—as, for example, in the fern (*Asplenium bulbiferum*). Its near relation, *A. edgeworthii*, grows on the bark of trees, and the tips of its fronds are peculiar in that they avoid the light, and, seeking crevices in the bark, thrust their way in. In a little while, at the point of contact, a bud is developed which grows into a new fern. In one of the house-leek tribe, *Bryophyllum calicinum*, young plants grow from the notches which run along each side of the leaf, a fact first brought to light by Goethe. This, however, happens only with leaves which have become broken off from the plant. While the leaf is attached, the only evidence of this strange source of rejuvenescence is found in a tiny black dot in the notches along the edge of the leaf.



3. THE TURK'S CAP LILY'S MEANS OF PROPAGATION: STALKS OF THE LILY WITH THE LEAVES PARTLY REMOVED TO SHOW THE BULBILS GROWING IN THE AXILS OF THE LEAVES; WHENCE, SHAKEN OFF BY THE WIND, THEY FALL TO THE GROUND AND LIE DORMANT, TO PRODUCE NEW PLANTS NEXT SPRING.



2. AN AQUATIC PLANT THAT CONTRIVES LARGELY TO DISPENSE WITH SEEDS FOR PROPAGATION: THE FROG-BIT, SHOWING THE BULBILS (A) WHICH, WHEN RIPE, DROP TO THE BOTTOM OF THE POND, THERE TO AWAIT THE SPRING.

The Frog-bit (*Hydrocharis morsus-ranae*), though it bears flowers, seldom or never produces seeds. Before dying, in late autumn, it makes provision to ensure the continuance of the race by producing offshoots terminating in a bulbil, which, when ripe, drops to the bottom of the pond. In the spring the walls of the outer case of the bulbil become filled with air, when it rises to the surface and produces a new plant.

reason it rarely ever produces seeds. Such being the case, one would suppose that the plant would be doomed to early extinction. But this very lack of the power to ripen its flowers and produce seeds reacts on the plant in a very curious way. For in the autumn it throws out new shoots, very like those of the summer, save that they are shorter, and produce, at their tips, small buds instead of new plants. These buds are relatively large, and encased in closely fitting scale-leaves. As soon as each bud has provided itself with the necessary amount of starch and other reserve food-material, it becomes detached from its stalk and sinks to the mud at the bottom of the pond, out of the reach of harm by frost. With the return of spring, the tissues of the investments of the bud become spongy and filled with air. As a result the bud floats to the surface, the scales open out, leaves unfold themselves, and roots develop, as in the generation of



LIKE AN ESKIMO IGLOO, EXCEPT IN TEMPERATURE: THE GIANT BEEHIVE FURNACE (IN WHICH THE HUGE DISC WAS HEATED TO 2400 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT) BEING MOVED INTO PLACE FOR THE OPERATION, DIRECTED BY DR. GEORGE V. MCCAULEY.



THE TOP OF THE 200-INCH ANNEALING FURNACE: A VIEW SHOWING THE INSULATION OF HEATING ELEMENTS AND METHODS OF SUSPENDING THE ANNEALER, A LARGE CYLINDRICAL HOUSING BASED ON THE SAME FLOOR AS THE BEEHIVE FURNACE AND EQUIPPED WITH HUNDREDS OF ELECTRICAL HEATING ELEMENTS CONTROLLED BY THERMOSTATS.



THE 20-TON DISC, STILL GLOWING A DULL RED, LOWERED FROM THE BEEHIVE FURNACE BY A 60-TON HOIST, AND, AFTER COOLING BY RADIATION, MOVED ALONG A TRACK TILL IT COMES AGAIN UNDER THE ANNEALER (TOP RIGHT) TO BE LIFTED INTO IT.

THE LARGEST PIECE OF SOLID GLASS EVER CAST:

MAKING A 20-TON DISC FOR A HUGE REFLECTING TELESCOPE
DESIGNED TO OPEN-UP NEW WORLDS FOR ASTRONOMY.

The casting of a glass disc, 200 inches in diameter, for a new giant reflecting telescope was recently completed at the Corning Glass Works, New York, for the California Institute of Technology. This disc, which was "poured" last March, is the largest piece of solid glass ever cast and weighs about 20 tons. The report stated that it was intended to make a second casting from the same mould and to regard this first one as a trial, but that, in case of any mishap to the second casting, the first would then

(Continued below.)



SEEN AS A GLOWING, WHITE-HOT "LAKE" THROUGH ONE OF THREE POURING PORTS IN THE BEEHIVE FURNACE: THE GREAT 17-FT. TELESCOPE DISC (WITH A HUB FORMING THE CENTRAL HOLE FOR THE FINAL TELESCOPE MIRROR) JUST BEFORE ITS TRANSFER TO THE ANNEALER FOR REDUCTION TO ROOM TEMPERATURE.

(Continued.)

be prepared for insertion into the telescope. This would involve its return to the annealing furnace for a further 11 months, to remove minor strains in the glass. Whichever disc is eventually used, the cost is estimated at about £100,000. An official memorandum supplied on behalf of the glass works states: "The 200-inch telescope disc, when finally installed, will be twice as large as the largest one now in operation, at Mt. Wilson Observatory. It will have a light-collecting area four times as great, and will photograph distant stars ten times faster than is now possible. It is expected to open new fields in astronomy and to decide hitherto moot questions of great astronomical importance." Regarding some of the processes illustrated here, we read in the same memorandum: "Night and day for nearly a week, at Corning, the great white beehive pouring furnace, which, except for its temperature, has been likened to an Eskimo's igloo, has been bright with the white-hot glow of its battery of blast torches. Under the beehive, glowing like a red volcanic lake, the 17-ft. telescope disc passed through another stage. This operation marks the climax of a process which brought the surface of the disc from ordinary room temperature up to about 2400 degrees Fahrenheit. When the levelling-off process had reached a satisfactory point, the fires of the beehive were shut down. Then the disc, still glowing a dull red, was lowered by means of a 60-ton locomotive hoist. After cooling by radiation it was moved along a broad track on the floor below, until it was again under the great annealer. The mould and disc ascended (by hoist) until they were again housed in the annealer, a large cylindrical structure based on the same floor as the beehive." Previous stages of the work were illustrated in our issues of April 7 and 14 last.



THE LARGEST PIECE OF SOLID GLASS EVER CAST, WEIGHING ABOUT 20 TONS AND NEARLY 17 FT. IN DIAMETER: THE ENORMOUS DISC NOW REMOVED FROM ITS MOULD AFTER SIX MONTHS' COOLING—ITS SIZE INDICATED BY THE FIGURES ON TOP.

KENYA'S GOLDFIELDS: A GREAT INDUSTRY GROWING;

A BUSY TOWN BORN IN THE WILDS;
A WOMAN CONTROLLING 140 NATIVES.



A BUSY TOWNSHIP WHERE, BEFORE GOLD WAS FOUND, STOOD ONLY A SMALL ADMINISTRATIVE POST AMID A FEW NATIVE HUTS: KAKAMEGA—PART OF MAIN STREET.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF A POWER AND CRUSHER HOUSE ON ONE OF THE MINES AT KAKAMEGA: STEEL GIRDERS BEING PLACED IN POSITION ON CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS.



HOW PROSPECTING SHAFTS ARE STARTED: A HAND-POWER WINDLASS (UNDER A THATCHED ROOF) BY WHICH MEN ARE LOWERED 100 FT. OR MORE STANDING IN A BUCKET.



A SMALL CRUSHING UNIT AT ONE OF THE LESSER MINES PRODUCING ABOUT 300 OZ. (£2000 WORTH) OF GOLD A MONTH: A 2-STAMP NISSEN MILL WORKED BY OIL ENGINE.



A GOLD-BEARING REEF EXPOSED IN TRENCHES NEAR THE SURFACE: A TYPE OF ORE-BODY SOUGHT BY EXPERTS AS THE ONLY PERMANENT BASIS FOR A GOLD INDUSTRY.



THE ONLY WOMAN MINING IN THE KAKAMEGA AREA: MRS. ALAN STITT, AN ENGLISH-WOMAN WHO CONTROLS 140 NATIVE LABOURERS—HERE DIRECTING OPERATIONS AT SLUICE-BOXES (OF HER OWN MAKE) ON ALLUVIAL WORKINGS.

Important developments have occurred in the Kenya Goldfields since the subject was illustrated in our issues of January 14 and May 20, 1933. After a recent tour of the mining areas, Mr. A. A. Menkin, formerly Editor of the "East Africa Weekly Times," writes: "Before the discovery, Kakamega was merely a small administrative post in the heart of a huge Native Reserve, and consisted of a few mud and wattle-thatched huts, with a house for the Administrative Officer. Gold-mining activity has caused it to spring up almost overnight into a busy little township." When experienced miners arrived, "they looked round for reefs, knowing that these were almost invariably the source of alluvial gold, and the only permanent basis for a gold industry." The "rush" on Kakamega came opportunely for Kenya, where, owing to world depression, many Europeans and natives were unemployed. "The natives," says Mr. Menkin, "welcomed the activities cordially," and, in response to criticism, "the British Government expressed its conviction that the activity was distinctly of benefit to the native population." A note on our central photograph says: "The goldfields are being opened up generally by big companies, but here and there small rich propositions



WHERE MINING IS A BOON TO THE NATIVES: A NATIVE LABOUR OFFICE AND COMPOUND, WITH HUTS OF A MUCH IMPROVED TYPE, WHOSE OCCUPANTS ARE TAUGHT METHODS OF HYGIENE AND SANITATION.

are worked by individuals. Here the owners (three partners) produce about £2000 worth of gold every month." Concerning the lower left illustration, it is stated: "One of the most active of these alluvial propositions is that controlled by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Alan Stitt, wife of Colonel Stitt, who is himself mining in the reef-fields. She is the only woman engaged in mining operations in this area. This energetic lady has diverted many yards of the Yala River. She builds her own flumes for carrying water from the river. She makes her own sluice-boxes and hand-turned bucket pumps. She takes her own levels, thus dispensing with a surveyor. She is out in the sun and rain all day long, supervising and directing some 140 native labourers."

CAPTURING OKAPIS.

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF AFRICA'S RAREST ANIMAL :
A QUEST ACHIEVED, WITH THE HELP OF PYGMIES,
BY SIMULATING THE FALL OF A GIANT TREE.

By ATTILIO GATTI. (See Illustrations on Pages 694 and 695.)

THREE months had already passed, but we had not succeeded in capturing even one of the two okapis we wanted for the London "Zoo."* One by one, all the old systems we had followed, as well as the new ones we had devised, had proved inadequate. It was indispensable, therefore, to find some other method. We had found it impracticable to capture and transport to the base camp an adult okapi, and we believed it impossible to accustom it, without suffering and danger of death, to a change of environment, food, and climate so complete as captivity in England and the long trip thither would necessitate. I therefore had to try to get young ones.

The season seemed propitious, for my observations in the forest had confirmed the words of the pygmies and led me to place the period of birth for okapis in the short dry season from the end of January to the beginning of April. An okapi born this year and captured in June would be 2½ to 5 months old—just the right age, not too young to bear separation from the mother, not old enough to have already developed that extraordinary strength and obstinate character I had found in the adult. On the other hand, for many months I had never found a footprint of a baby okapi. Eventually I accepted the statement of the pygmies that young ones remained continuously in a secluded nest or hiding place throughout their nursing period. So I could not have even the wildest hope that a baby would fall into one of the pits, or that a happy chance would bring me in contact with one in the forest.

As, however, an okapi mother returns at least each night to the hiding place where she has left her young, I decided that the best plan would be to follow the tracks of females until we picked up the right one. But even this was uncertain, for I saw that the only thing in which the pygmies were sometimes mistaken was in judging the sex of the okapis from the size of footprints. The only thing to do, therefore, was to send out in every direction small patrols of natives to follow every track apparently of females, and devote particular attention to any animal which on the same day toward evening turned back in the direction from which it had come that morning. But nothing is more difficult than to follow tracks of animals in the forest, and to send out pygmies alone meant the risk that, at the first little animal they might encounter, they would concentrate all their attention upon it, completely forgetting the purpose for which I had sent them.

Finally, I formed eight groups, each composed of one of the best hunters of Sultani Kalumé and a few pygmies, with instructions that each group should explore an allotted section of the forest, and that, as soon as a promising track was found, one of the pygmies would run to call me. Thus I hoped to be able to make the capture myself, and avoid the possibility of the small one being roughly handled and the mother, if present, wounded or killed.

As for the best way of making the actual capture, I had already discovered that the okapi, so courageous in front of any other danger, through instinct fears the fall of the great giants of the forest, and so much so that it is enough to simulate the noise of the fall of a tree to make any okapi run precipitately away in the opposite direction.

* The habitat of the Okapi (*Ocapia johnstoni*) is the great forest region in the zone comprised between the River Semliki on the east and Lakes Albert and Edward, which it connects; the Itimbiri and the Congo in the north; the Lomami in the west; and the Equator in the south.

Half-a-dozen fair-sized branches suddenly cracked in quick succession, while one brushes with a slow, regular movement a leafy branch over the leaves of a tree, would suffice. Both hunters and pygmies welcomed this simple idea with enthusiasm.

When the eight small groups, perfectly instructed and supplied with ropes, a large canvas bag, and food and salt for a week, finally started out in the directions I had given them, I suddenly had the certainty, never before felt, that this time I should succeed.

And I was not mistaken. Only four days passed before a good track was found. Having followed it the next day to an indescribable entanglement of trees, bound together by lianas and creepers, the pygmies no sooner began their imitation of the noise of a falling tree than a big female appeared from within the green labyrinth and

hooves still hidden by hair, which gave him the appearance of a big automatic toy, every movement so deliberate and gradual, but always perfectly sure and exact.

Meanwhile the Mambuti pygmies who had been present at the capture, and others who, by some telepathy, had all instantly returned to camp, had quietly gathered around a little fire near their huts at the edges of the clearing. There they roasted themselves, with their wild little dogs, watching with their usual silent gravity Makulu-kulu, their chief, busily thanking Mongo—their spirit or god—for the capture, and also for the great treasures received in tips—blankets and salt and tobacco—which all the pygmies clutched desperately, as if fearing that such unheard-of wealth would melt in the air.

In a corner of the clearing I had had built a good hut of poles and leaves, from which ran a palisade which entered the surrounding forest and enclosed a good piece of uncleared ground where in abundance grew the leaves the okapi eats. For two or three days Toto seemed

satisfied with his little domain and explored every corner of it. Then he grew bored, and began to wait each day, almost at the same hour of the morning, at the little gate through which he saw us enter and leave. I tried then to let him come out and wander all over the camp, and this appeared to be a great joy for him. Kaluase, a native whom I had made his official guard, always followed on one side, I on the other. But Toto was absolutely free, and to follow and observe his movements was for me intensely interesting.

When I shall have succeeded in perfectly accustoming to captivity and delivering safely in London the two young okapis which I have engaged to present to the London "Zoo," I am sure that they will soon become great favourites. The sweetness which these animals have in youth, now and then charmingly interrupted by a flash in miniature of the obstinacy so strong

in the adult; their quiet and dignified seriousness; the grace of their curious lines; the beauty of their a-symmetrical white, black, and brown markings; the immaculate, shining state in which they keep their fine coats; the absent-minded deliberateness of every movement; and the nonchalant air with which they regard any other animal, are attractions of which one cannot tire.

When, spreading his front legs, giraffe-like, he drinks; or, when lying on the ground, he turns a neck that seems to be made of indiarubber and rests his head on his thigh, or even on his tail; or, turning his head in every direction, he throws out his never-ending blue tongue, to scare away a fly that has poised itself in the most inaccessible spot, or to wash his big revolving eyes, a small okapi is always irresistible. More than ever when something goes contrary to his desires. For then he throws up his head and stamps spiritedly on the ground with a front leg, kept very rigid and lifted well high. This, which seems to be his one quick and sudden movement, is the most delightful action I have ever seen in an animal.

Naturally, the question which preoccupied me was that of nourishment. No mother okapi ever having been captured alive, or, as far as I know, ever having been examined immediately after death, I could not have the slightest idea of the density, quality, and quantity of the milk to which Toto was accustomed. Nor could anybody else on earth give me this information. Furthermore, I had to exclude fresh cow's milk, as cattle cannot live in the forest, because of the tsetse fly, and do not exist nearer than Irumu, at four hours' march, plus seventy-five miles of road, from our base camp. It remained, therefore, to try the milk of two goats bought in anticipation of the capture.

To induce Toto to take his first bottle, three persons were required: one to prevent him from pulling back, one to hold his head, and the third to give the bottle. But soon Toto, who in learning was extremely quick, began to suck by himself, and the operation, repeated three times a day, became a simple matter, which I handled myself without difficulty.

[Continued on page 736.]



DIMINUTIVE AFRICANS LITERALLY "WORTH THEIR SALT" TO A WHITE HUNTER: PYGMIES WHO HAD WORKED FOR THE CAPTURE OF AN OKAPI RECEIVING A "TIP" OF SALT FROM COMMANDER GATTI.

darted away like an arrow. Immediately afterwards the baby appeared, a beautiful male about three months old, which, taken by surprise, opposed no resistance to being placed inside the bag. The transport through the forest presented no difficulties, and a few hours later the little creature, more curious than frightened, reached our base camp, triumphantly received by all, whites and blacks.



A VEGETABLE GARDEN LAID OUT IN THE EXPEDITION'S BASE CAMP FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCUSTOMING THE OKAPIS CAPTURED TO EUROPEAN FOOD: AN INTERESTING 'ACCESSORY' TO THE WORK OF OKAPI-HUNTING IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

As soon as he was freed from the bag, Toto, as the natives at once christened him, rested for a few minutes on the ground, then, getting up, began to walk quietly here and there about the big clearing of the camp, at once showing preference for the spots where the ropes of our tents were most numerous and intricate, a condition which probably recalled to his instinct the lianas of the forest. It was most amusing to watch him negotiate the ropes with those thick woodenish legs and those diminutive

A YOUNG OKAPI CAUGHT IN AN AFRICAN FOREST: DESTINED—IT IS HOPED WITH A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMMANDER A. GATTEL. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY



TRYING TO INDUCE TOTO, THE FIRST YOUNG OKAPI CAUGHT BY THE EXPEDITION, TO ACCEPT GOAT'S MILK FROM A BOTTLE.

A VERY RARE ANIMAL OF IRRESISTIBLE CHARM COMPANION—FOR THE LONDON "ZOO."

RESERVED. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 693)



TOTO, THE FIRST YOUNG OKAPI CAPTURED, IN HIS PALISADE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE MARKING OF THE FORE-LEGS.



A PORTRAIT OF TOTO, TAKEN AFTER HIS CAPTURE: A STUDY OF THE HEAD IN PROFILE, SHOWING THE ASPECT OF THE EYE.



THIS YOUNG OKAPI, JUST CAPTURED AND TRANSPORTED TO THE BASE CAMP, SHOWS NO FEAR OF HUMAN BEINGS.



THE BEAUTIFUL ASYMMETRICAL MARKINGS OF THE OKAPI: A STRIKING STUDY OF THE ANIMAL'S HINDQUARTERS AND TAIL.



EXTENDING JUST A PORTION OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY LONG BLUE TONGUE: TOTO, THE YOUNG OKAPI—A COMPLETE VIEW OF THE ANIMAL.

THAT rarest of African animals, the okapi, has often before been illustrated in these pages, as our readers will remember, especially on the occasion when the first living specimen seen outside its native land was obtained. In the present number we publish a very interesting article by Commander Attilio Gattil (on page 693), relating how he succeeded in capturing a young okapi in an African forest, and its behaviour in camp, as shown in the above photographs. Another article by the same writer, with further illustrations, will appear in a later issue. Commander Gattil expresses the hope that he may capture a second young one, and the two together would then be brought



TOTO AT HIS FAVOURITE SPORT OF PASSING AMONG THE ROPES OF CAMP TENTS, WHICH SEEMED TO REMIND HIM OF THE LIANAS OF THE FOREST.

to London and placed in the "Zoo," where, he feels sure, they would prove immense favourites. In describing the one here illustrated, named Toto by the pygmy tribesmen who assisted in its capture, Commander Gattil dwells on the captivating appearance, character, and habits of the little creature, which immediately made itself at home in camp, and only felt the lack of its natural nourishment. The account of the difficulties in this matter of feeding, and the way in which they were overcome, should be valuable to all concerned in keeping okapis in captivity. A cow foster-mother proved dangerous to the okapi, and eventually it was decided to use tinned milk.



AN OKAPI IN HIS CUSTOMARY POSITION FOR SLEEP: THE CAPTIVE IN HIS NIGHT QUARTERS LYING IN A CURLED-UP ATTITUDE.

WHEN CONFUCIUS WAS A BABE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"TOMBS OF OLD LO-YANG": By WILLIAM CHARLES WHITE.*

(PUBLISHED BY KEGAN PAUL.)

THIS luxurious volume describes and illustrates a rich find of funerary objects at a spot in Western Honan, some thirteen miles north-east of modern Lo-yang. The subject will not be unfamiliar to readers of this journal, which has been privileged from time to time to illustrate the remarkable fruits of Bishop White's learning and enthusiasm.†

The site of these antiquities is that of the ancient city of Ch'eng-chou, sometimes known as Old Lo-yang. For over three thousand years the district, lying in the valley between the Lo and I rivers, was a kind of royal domain where Chinese dynasties built their capitals. The tombs which are the subject of this book belong to the Kingdom or State of Han (to be distinguished from the Han Dynasty of later date), which was a feudal unit of the Chin State. The date of the tombs has been fixed with tolerable certainty by an inscription on one of the Piao bells found in Tomb VII.—a beautiful piece of work, which has been patiently deciphered, and is engraved as follows:

"In the 22nd year Piao Ch'iang made this bell. His Chief of Han, Ch'e, led the attack on Ch'in. Taking the field against Ch'i, he passed through the Great Wall (in the Kingdom of Ch'i), and was first at the meeting at P'ing-yin. Fierce and unbending was his energy, for he also surprised and captured Ch'u(-ch'iu) and Ching(-tzu). The bestowal of rewards concerned the Chief of Han; the issuing of commands rested with the Duke of Chin; the citation was (by favour) of the Son of Heaven. This brilliant example is here recorded, of military prowess and scholarly virtue. For all time may it never be forgotten."

It seems to be unquestionable that "the 22nd year" in the first line of the inscription refers to the reign of one of the Chou kings. "Eliminating those who reigned less than 22 years, and checking up the historical incidents mentioned in the inscription, Chinese scholars have come to the conclusion that the emperor referred to must be either Ling Wang (571-544 B.C.) or An Wang (401-375 B.C.). The majority favour the Ling Wang date, which would be 550 B.C., that is, the year after the birth of Confucius." Although there is room for difference of opinion about the exact year, "it is evident that these tombs and their contents belong approximately to the 6th century B.C., and provide a most valuable cross-section of the culture of that period, which hitherto has been lacking except by isolated objects of uncertain date. It is all the more valuable because it deals with the great Classical Age of China, the age of Confucius and the other philosophers, when the decadent feudal system was breaking up, and newer and more progressive elements of culture and thought were coming into being."



A BRONZE ANIMAL HEAD FROM THE OLD LO-YANG TOMBS, WITH SOCKETED END FOR ATTACHMENT TO A WOODEN BEAM: PROBABLY THE FRONT FINIAL OF THE SHAFT OF A FUNERAL CHARIOT. (LENGTH, 8.5 IN.; WIDTH AT EARS, 9 IN.; SIZE OF SOCKET, 3 IN. BY 4 IN.)

"The head was similar to that of an ox without horns. The wide-open eyes were of painted lacquer inlay, and the surface of the bronze was decorated with gold thread inlay. The socketed end was pierced with two holes from the upper side, and the marks between the holes point to the use of a two-pronged pin for fastening the object to the beam."

soil and rubble, and the presence of heavy pine timbers. The tomb-chamber was octagonal in shape (symbolical of the supposed natural order of the revolution 'of the powers of nature'), 40 ft. square at the top and 35 ft. square at the bottom; it was reached by a tunnel leading to a depth of about 47 ft. On a floor of stone and timber, walls of pine-logs were built to a height of 7 or 8 ft., and pebbles were poured in round the outside of the timbered vault, filling up the space to the earthen sides of the tomb-pit: The decoration of the walls was carried out in dark-brown lacquer, and "around the top,

close to the ceiling, was a painted fresco band, about a foot in width, on which were applied at intervals gilt-bronze plaques, some three inches in diameter, many of which were inlaid with glass, a common characteristic of which was a design of black and white eyes revolving around a centre eye." The coffin appears to have been double, with an inner and an outer shell.

Sacrifices had been part of Chinese burial ritual from the earliest times, and most of the ancient tombs had their special sacrificial temples or chambers. In the Han Tombs, these chambers are represented by tunnels adjoining the graves. They have come to be known as "horse-pits." It is probable that, after the main tomb was sealed, "the funeral chariot and the carts that brought the grave objects would be taken up the sloping grave tunnel and directed into the 'horse-pit' tunnels, where the horses were probably immolated, and the tunnels filled in in like manner to the tombs." In these pits were found skeletal remains of horses, and numerous chariot-fittings of a high standard of workmanship.

The objects recovered are of extraordinary variety and abundance. There are cauldrons, vessels, and vases of innumerable designs and in every kind of material. Bronze predominates in the metal-work. The animal figures include a much dilapidated, but evidently remarkable, lacquered wooden tiger, almost life-size. There are other animals in bronze, including part of a set of what seem to have been Zodiacal Animals. The human figures probably represent servants whose duty it was to attend on the deceased in the other world. They are all interesting, but one of them deserves special attention. "It is in particularly good condition, so that the markings of the hair, the cap tied under the chin, the fancy border to the garment and the fastening of the same on the right side, and the typical style of the girdle hook in position, are very definite, and of the utmost value to our knowledge of dress conditions in those days. It is doubtful whether any such clear evidence of the use of the girdle hook has previously been forthcoming." One unusual object greatly puzzled the archaeologists, until it was realised that it was an artist's palette, part of a set used for painting the fresco of the tomb. "It is easy to imagine the decorator, when he had finished his painting on the fresco, grouping his articles together and placing them down among the tomb objects, not bothering to take them away because of their commonness, or else more probably leaving them there with the tomb-objects because they, by their use, had now also become *ming-ch'i*."

The prevalence of glass objects caused surprise, and has led to the revision of accepted ideas about the antiquity of this material. It had been supposed that glass was not used in China earlier than the Han Dynasty, and that even at that time it was confined to importations from Rome and Syria. The Lo-yang Tombs strengthen evidence, which has been growing for some time, that glass is of much greater antiquity than has been commonly supposed. "The glass . . . almost all bore a common design of striking type, that of 'eyes' in which the black or dark 'iris' contrasted with the 'white' in such a way as to give the impression that the eye was looking sideways, which was further intensified when there were circles of 'eyes' which appeared to be revolving. . . . This motif implies a knowledge of the principle of centrifugal force." What, if any, was its symbolism is not explained.

Among numerous objects of extraordinary craftsmanship, the most beautiful are those in jade. "Some of these jade pieces surpass anything yet known in China in the way of jade carving, both in the matter of technical skill, but more particularly from the standpoint of artistic merit. Hitherto the finest jade carving has been a particular type found at Hsin-cheng, in Central Honan, but these jades from Lo-yang are quite the equal in workmanship of the Hsin-cheng jades, and much superior in their quality of free and natural artistic expression." A glance at the many specimens which are illustrated will excite passionate envy in the breast of any collector of this exquisite substance. C. K. A.

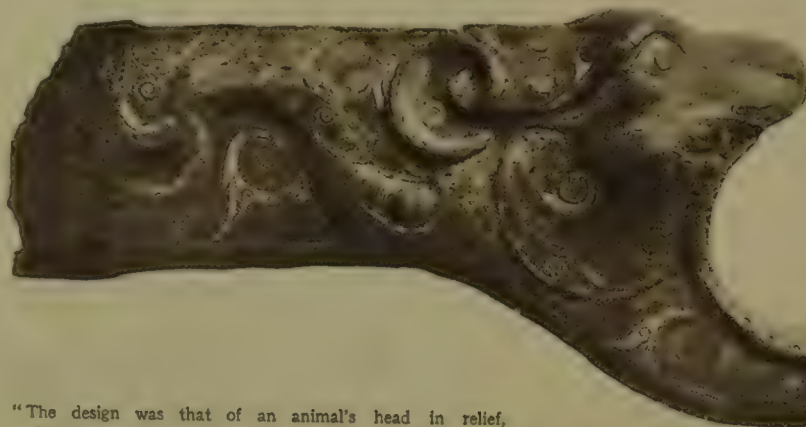


A CHINESE BRONZE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. FROM THE TOMBS OF OLD LO-YANG: A BIRD-HEAD FINIAL—ONE OF A PAIR PROBABLY USED TO SUPPORT A CROSSBAR IN A CHARIOT. (LENGTH, 7.4 IN.)

"The body of the socket was covered with a geometrical design in low relief, which had probably been inlaid with silver. A portion of the wood remained in the socket, to which it had been fastened by a pin. This type of finial is stated to have been a part of a royal chariot. They are found in pairs, and probably were used as support of a cross-bar."

In the Lo-yang district, where the inhabitants originally dwelt (and where many still dwell) in caves in the loess cliffs, the type of burial-place has differed considerably from age to age, and by the sixth century the design had become elaborate. The main Han tombs which have been explored are eight in number, symmetrically arranged, and the excavation proved a task of great difficulty, owing to the loose nature of the

of the timbered vault, filling up the space to the earthen sides of the tomb-pit: The decoration of the walls was carried out in dark-brown lacquer, and "around the top,



ONE OF A PAIR OF BRONZE MONSTER-HEAD FINIALS, INLAID WITH GOLD AND SILVER: AN EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT CHINESE METAL-WORK NEARLY 2500 YEARS OLD. (LENGTH, 10.5 IN.)

The three illustrations reproduced from "Tombs of Old Lo-yang." By William Charles White. By Courtesy of the Publishers in China, Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., Shanghai.

* "Tombs of Old Lo-yang": A Record of the Construction and Contents of a Group of Royal Tombs at Chin-ts'un, Honan, probably Dating 550 B.C. By William Charles White, sometime Bishop of Honan; Associate Professor of Archaeology (Chinese), University of Toronto; Keeper of the East Asiatic Collection of the Royal Ontario Museum. Foreword by John C. Ferguson. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., London; £2 18s.; and Kelly and Walsh, Shanghai; 35 dollars.)

† See *The Illustrated London News* of Oct. 28, Nov. 4, and Dec. 9, 1933, and March 10, May 5 and 12, and July 28, 1934.

"The design was that of an animal's head in relief, with the usual bird's head forming the slender extension. The whole object was finely inlaid with gold and silver in spiral and geometrical patterns. Wooden remains completely filled the socket." This finial is of the same type as the bird-head example, illustrated above, but considerably larger.

FUNERARY POMP IN THE AGE OF CONFUCIUS: A CHINESE ROYAL TOMB.

Drawn Specially for "The Illustrated London News" by D. Macpherson. (See Review on the Opposite Page.)



ONE OF THE OLD LO-YANG TOMBS OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. DESCRIBED IN BISHOP WHITE'S BOOK REVIEWED OPPOSITE : PICTORIAL DIAGRAMS AND A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING TO SHOW METHODS OF BUILDING AND CONTENTS.

As noted on the opposite page, where Bishop White's book on the Old Lo-Yang tombs is reviewed, we have frequently illustrated remarkable objects of art found in them, and accordingly we now give a reconstruction drawing of an actual tomb, showing how it was built (as described in our review) and the disposition of the contents; also one of the associated "horse-pits," where bronze chariot fittings, such as those illustrated opposite, were found. Of the eight tombs, two were 40 ft. square at the top and the others about 30 ft. In depth they ranged from 25 ft. to 47 ft. One "horse-pit" tunnel measured about 250 ft. The coffin in the tomb here shown occupied the centre of the burial chamber. The outer shell still

held together, and four bronze ring-masks, two on each side, remained in position. The timber showed that it had been lacquered. The outer coffin was more than half-filled with lime and decomposed shells. Reports vary as to whether human skeletal remains were found. At the foot of the coffin stood a large tripod cauldron almost 3 ft. in diameter, with a smaller bronze cauldron on each side. In front of the large cauldron stood three smaller vessels, the central one a tripod, which probably contained a cooked animal, while the vases flanking it probably held, respectively, water and spirit. Three similar vessels stood outside the doorway. Other articles were on shelves, and a fresco border was painted on the wall.

MASTERPIECES OF THE MIDLANDS: PICTURES FROM THE NEW

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AND MOST NOTEWORTHY EXHIBITION IN BIRMINGHAM.

BY THE OWNERS.



"QUEEN ELIZABETH."—BY GULLIM STREETES. (IN LONDON; C. 1551.)
Lent by the Earl of Warwick.



"SIBYLLA OF CLEVES AND SON."—BY LUCAS CRANACH. (1472-1553.)
Lent by the Earl of Warwick.



"HUNTER WITH GAME."—BY J. JORDAENS. (1593-1678.)
Lent by Mrs. Hopkin.



"POPE WITH 'BOUNCE.'"—BY JONATHAN RICHARDSON. (1665-1745.)
Lent by Viscount Cobham.



"VAUGHAN OF TRETOWER, WARDEN OF THE MARCHES, 1560."—ENGLISH SCHOOL; SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—(Lent by Captain J. R. H. Harley.)



"SPANISH WARRIOR."—BY G. B. MORONI. (C. 1520-1578.)
Lent by the Earl of Warwick.



FERDINAND DE BOISSCHOT, BARON DE SAVENTHEM."—BY VAN DYCK. (1599-1641.)
Lent by the Earl of Warwick.



"SIR ROBERT THROCKMORTON, BT."—BY N. DE LARGILLIÈRE. (1656-1746.)
Lent by Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bt.

There is to be opened in the Birmingham Art Gallery on Tuesday, November 6, an Exhibition of Midland Art Treasures which is declared to be the biggest affair of its kind held in the provinces since the Manchester and Leeds Art Treasures exhibitions of the 1850's and '60's, and consists

of masterpieces drawn entirely from the Midland counties. We reproduce certain of the pictures to be seen; but it must be emphasized that the exhibition comprises not only paintings, including miniatures, but tapestries, armour, manuscripts, embroideries, furniture, enamels, silver, and so on. It will

continue until December 6. With regard to two of the artists here represented, it may, perhaps, be recalled that Gullim Streetes was painter to Edward VI., and that an excellent portrait of that king by him is in the National Portrait Gallery; and also that Jonathan Richardson was

regarded, after the passing of Dahl and Kneller, as the first English portraitist of his day. He was also known by his essays on "The Theory of Painting," and "The Whole Art of Criticism in Relation to Painting," and his "Argument in Behalf of the Science of a Connoisseur."

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

IT is less than a year since the publication of "Rome for Sale," that impressive study of the Catalinian conspiracy. Now we have "Caesar is Dead," the second book of Jack Lindsay's trilogy. It is impossible to praise too highly the art with which the mass of material has been treated, or the intent observation, scholarly and humanistic, that has pursued the lives of individuals through the political and social complexities of ancient Rome. The analogy between the Roman discontents and those of our own time is patent; but the infiltration of slavery, with the admixture of luxury and brutalisation that accompanied it, is given due prominence. Here is a mighty civilisation with more than one canker at its heart.

Mr. Lindsay keeps his finger on the pulse of the people. The fear of a workless crowd that it may lose its dole of corn, the furtive activities of land speculators gambling on Caesar's plans for national development, the spectacular depravities of rich and idle men and women; these are the introduction to "Caesar is Dead." Over against them is set the sad contemplation of the ageing Cicero. The populace was loyal to Caesar, for all there was a price to pay for the leadership of a dictator. Caesar was not yet perceived as the victim, nor in his ultimate deification as the Divine Caesar whose vital force, mystically satisfying the emotional desire for a saviour, might conquer famine and disease and tears. These things are related as Mr. Lindsay develops his theme. "Caesar is Dead," in fact, ranges far beyond the tragedy of his murder, powerfully as that is depicted. It is a book so pregnant with the world's tragedy, so steeped in the poignancy of mortal life, that it seems wholly inadequate to call it simply a historical novel.

"A Handful of Dust" is the best novel Evelyn Waugh has given us. There is no knowing how far he may go now that his satire is applied with such deadly accuracy. It is curious to see how the Victorians are coming into their own. The one just man in the book is Tony Last, a horsey and doggy young squire who worshipped in the family pew, lived on terms of easy patronage towards his neighbours, and was constant to his wife. The miracle was that his peaceful marriage with Brenda lasted eight years. Her own place, which received her with open arms when she broke away from Tony, was among the febrile smart people of twentieth-century London. Tony's obsolete standards of conduct were incomprehensible to Brenda's world. It might be a small world, and an insane one, but it was rational enough in its own defence, and cohesive enough, to turn upon him, herd fashion, and drive him out into the wilderness.

"The Dark Island," by Victoria Sackville-West, presents a character at the opposite pole to Brenda Last. Shirin le Breton fell in love with an island; that seems the simplest way to put it. She was a woman who charmed all men, and a woman without vanity. The male attitude she knew best was monotonously familiar to her. The island looming in its lovely isolation was the place of her day-dreams; a way of escape, the home of seagulls as free and poised as her secret soul. This appears to have been why she married Sir Venn le Breton, who was the owner of the island, possessing and possessed by its inheritance. But cruelty and homicide were also the inheritance of the unhappy Venn, and his marriage with Shirin unchained them, which imports horror into her story. The writing of "The Dark Island" is distinguished and luminous; but Shirin comes through as less—or is it more?—than flesh and blood. Her spiritual solitude is recognisable: it is not so rare

in human experience. As the submissive victim of Venn's sadism, she slips into the mists of fantasy.

After Miss Sackville-West's island, haunted and haunting, one comes back to realism. Richard Aldington's "Women Must Work," Jeffery Marston's "Andromeda," and Helen Grace Carlisle's "The Wife" are all novels with a woman as the centre figure. So is "Interlude for Sally," by Beatrice Kean Seymour, but it differs from the others in not being so closely pegged to solid earth. Sally is an idealised character.

Mr. Aldington takes the case of Etta Morrison, who set out to make a career for herself, rather more than a

experiences of a woman of the younger generation, are worked into the narrative. Mr. Marston keeps Evelyn steadfastly true to herself; but sentimentality is inclined to run away with him. Nevertheless, the Dightons, man and wife, are convincing, and the book is alive.

"The Wife" is one of those fine-drawn portraits of women in which American authors excel. The life of Nina is laid bare by compressing her own review of it into the compass of a single day. You see her mind shuttling between the small concerns of the moment and the retrospect of her early struggle for existence, and the shadow of mortal illness alternatively out of her vision. There is no confusion, no blurring of effect; Nina, a complex character, comes through as clear as crystal. Miss Carlisle has a growing reputation; it is certain that "The Wife" will enhance it.

The Merralls, in "Interlude for Sally," are an artist's family into whose household Sally enters, a general servant without a reference, to progress by sheer soundness of character into the very heart of their problems. There is something of Pippa in Sally to begin with, a song breaking through tangled love-affairs, a son's disastrous marriage, the immense complications of the simple life five miles from anywhere. But where Pippa passed by, Sally remains. "Interlude for Sally" is very well done. For one thing, you become an inti-

mate of a stimulating circle; taking them all round, the Merralls are charming people. For another, Mrs. Kean Seymour conveys her conviction of the power of goodness to calm the troubled waters even of the artistic temperament. And if the Merralls were lucky in Sally, she was lucky in meeting with employers as free from snobbery and as open-minded as Mr. and Mrs. Merrall. Altogether, this is a charming book.

Roland Lushington's people do unexpected things, almost as if they were running away from him in their determination to avoid a set pattern. But that is his artfulness. It would have been easy to be rigidly ironical over the futilities of Mr. Abbott, the conventional vicar, but he is treated instead with a generous understanding. Mr. Abbott had little humour. His wife, Fanny, who was one of an eccentric, aristocratic family, had much, and used it subtly to beguile him. Fanny might well have despised her Robert. Yet she saw his pathos, and had pity on it, though why he was pathetic she did not know. "Lost Shepherd" is the work of an agile intellect. It has a flashing wit; but if you, like Robert Abbott, cannot see the wood for the trees, that is not the fault of Mr. Lushington.

"Fanfaronade" is to be commended. It is Ivo Pakenham's first novel, a mediæval romance with a dramatic plot. The fierce intrigue and the superstition of the Middle Ages are brilliantly reproduced. It deserves a longer notice than space allows here, both for its scholarship and its glowing colour. The turbulent France of Louis XI. has been an inspiration to the author. "Fanfaronade" is a tapestry come to life.

"The Knights of Selsby," by Paul Williams, is another first novel. The Knights, as the jacket indicates, are far removed from the age of chivalry. They were the mayors, turn and turn about, of a growing watering-place. It was the skin game between them in their rival exploitation of the civic office, and it culminated in a Home Office inquiry. Mr. Williams has not risen above the dreariness of his subject,

and the love-interest between the son and daughter of the rivals is a palpable make-weight. Archie Binns's rough stuff in "Lightship" is sometimes shocking, but it is vigorous, as the substance of a book dealing with the hazards of sailormen, afloat and ashore, has every reason to be.

The crimes in "Murder Below Wall Street," by Roger Delancey, and "Murder at the Bookstall," by Henry Holt, are quite good crimes. It is the sleuth business that is overdone; we doubt if either of the criminals would have been discovered outside the pages of a detective novel. Mr. Delancey's polished old investigator is too clever by half. Mr. Holt has packed his story with trail and counter-trail, but he has failed to disguise their improbabilities.



A SOURCE OF PROFITABLE INDUSTRY FOR SETTLERS IN ANGOLA: SISAL HEMP PLANTS AFTER THE FIRST CUTTING.

generation ago. Her determination was fixed, probably from the time she began to trot up the daily treadmill of the Muncaster Road with her nurse, and prayed that God



ANGOLA NATIVES HANDLING SISAL HEMP, DECORTICATED AND DRIED READY FOR PACKING: AN INDUSTRY WHICH HAS THE ADVANTAGES OF CHEAP LABOUR, GOOD WATER SUPPLY, AND EXCELLENT TRANSPORT FACILITIES.

The Benguela Sisal Estates, in Angola, on the West Coast of Africa, were first laid out about five years ago, and reached the cutting stage the year before last. In spite of the existing low price of sisal, their output is now being sold at a profit, owing to the exceptionally favourable circumstances in which it can be grown in Angola. There is a constant and good supply of water close at hand, excellent transport facilities, and cheap labour. But, besides these three advantages, the quality of the product is so highly thought of in the market that it can be sold at a premium of 15s. per ton in excess of the prices ruling for sisal grown in other parts of the world. It should, therefore, prove a remunerative industry for the intending settler in Angola—a country that offers many additional attractions, including an equitable climate for the white man.

would make it rain hard at walk-time and then clear up and be lovely. If you wish to know how it felt to be a female child in a provincial town in the eighteen-nineties, you should read "Women Must Work." Etta was the daughter of a prosperous builder. She was bored and infuriated by a narrow home. The doors of the prison-house were tight shut, but the suffrage movement was stirring, and it gave her the key to unlock them. She knew her own potential abilities, too: she had intelligence and a head for business; above all, she wanted, intensely, to live her own life. It was a bitter struggle to win through, but the urge for emancipation drove her on to success. Mr. Aldington has put her under the microscope. Every fibre of Etta's womanhood, every shade of her temperament, is investigated. She is a specimen, for citizens of the future feminist state to marvel at.

The history of Evelyn Dighton, the dutiful wife of a self-indulgent man, opens in 1904, and at Blackheath, where being dutiful was presumably the habit of wives. A patient and devoted woman yoked to Dighton, the complete boulder, was at least as much a prisoner as Etta Morrison at Dorchester. "Andromeda" being the title of the book, it follows that Evelyn endured long, fettered to the rock of matrimony. The war, and the contrasted



A PRODUCT OF ANGOLA: SPECIMENS OF ROPE MADE FROM SISAL FIBRE.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Caesar is Dead. By Jack Lindsay. (Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.)
 A Handful of Dust. By Evelyn Waugh. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
 The Dark Island. By V. Sackville-West. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)
 Women Must Work. By Richard Aldington. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
 Andromeda. By Jeffery Marston. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
 The Wife. By Helen Grace Carlisle. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
 Interlude for Sally. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
 Lost Shepherd. By Roland Lushington. (Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d.)
 Fanfaronade. By Ivo Pakenham. (Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.)
 The Knights of Selsby. By Paul Williams. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
 Lightship. By Archie Binns. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)
 Murder Below Wall Street. By Roger Delancey. (Appleton; 7s. 6d.)
 Murder at the Bookstall. By Henry Holt. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)



A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: "THE AIR HOTEL."

This very curious photograph of the nose of a Douglas air-liner is a most striking illustration of a symbol of our time—the Age of Aviation; more particularly in view of the astonishing performance of the Douglas D.C.2 (Wright Cyclone), of the Royal Dutch Air Lines, piloted by K. D. Parmentier and J. J. Moll, in the great air race from Mildenhall, in Suffolk, to Melbourne, Australia. That machine, it may be

recalled, was the second to arrive at the finishing-point, and its time was 90 hours, 18 minutes, 51 seconds, including stops. It carried seven persons as far as Albury (some 160 miles from the finish); but there it had to drop its three passengers, and be considerably lightened otherwise, before it could take-off from the muddy, water-logged race-course on which it had landed, aided by lights flashing Morse code.

HEROES OF THE AIR AND PAGES OF TOPICAL EVENTS



MR. C. J. MELROSE (LEFT), AND THE PUSS MOH IN WHICH HE FLEW TO AUSTRALIA, AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT BAGHDAD: THE HERO OF A THRILLING FLIGHT FROM KUPANG TO DARWIN. Mr. C. J. Melrose, the young Australian aviator, who, in his Puss Moh, unofficially beat the Australia to England record in September (as recorded in our issue of October 6), is shown here at Baghdad, at which he arrived on Oct. 22, less than three days after the start from Midehall. As we went to press he had reached Charleville and had come on from there on the last "hop" to Melbourne. He had a remarkable adventure and a lucky escape when flying from Kupang, Timor, to Darwin on October 26.



MR. MELROSE (WEARING SUN-HELMET; CENTRE) SURROUNDED BY OFFICIALS AND OTHERS AFTER ARRIVING AT BAGHDAD: THE FIRST SOLO COMPETITOR TO REACH AUSTRALIA. He was blown out of his course and lost his way over the shark-infested Timor Sea, finding Darwin just after his petrol tanks were empty. He managed to glide the last mile to the aerodrome against the wind and landed safely. He said afterwards: "I don't think I am fated to die flying." Melrose was the first competitor flying solo to reach Australia.



THE MACCHI-CASTOLDI "72" SEAPLANE WITH TWO FIAT ENGINES, IN WHICH WARRANT OFFICER AGELLO BROKE HIS OWN AIR SPEED RECORD OVER LAKE GARDA.

THE WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD: SUB-LIEUTENANT FRANCESCO AGELLO, AFTER FLYING A SEAPLANE AT OVER 440 MILES AN HOUR. Sub-Lieutenant Francesco Agello, of the Italian Air Force, beat his own airspeed record on October 23 at Desenzano, on Lake Garda. It was announced that he attained an average speed of 799.202 kilometres (496.5 miles) an hour, with a maximum of 711 kilometres (441.7 miles) an hour on one run. His machine was a Macchi-Castoldi "72" seaplane with two Fiat engines of 1100 horse power each.

It is a similar machine to that in which he put up his record of April 1933, but slight modifications and improvements had been made so as to give an additional 300 h.p. Agello's earlier record, which beat that set up by Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, the Schneider Cup pilot, in 1931, was 627.4 kilometres (427.7 miles) an hour. The astonishing record he has now established represents a speed of over seven miles a minute. Our photograph on the left shows the aviator after his feat.



THE COMET OF MR. CATHCART JONES AND MR. KEN WALLER, IN WHICH THEY ATTEMPTED TO SET UP A NEW MELBOURNE TO ENGLAND RECORD AND A NEW RECORD FOR THE DOUBLE FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO MELBOURNE AND BACK: THE FOURTH ARRIVAL AT MELBOURNE IN THE GREAT RACE.

Mr. Cathcart Jones and Mr. Ken Waller arrived fourth at Melbourne in the Air Race, having taken 4 days, 22 hours, 27 minutes from Midehall. This represents an average speed of just over ninety-five miles an hour, as compared with that of nearly 160 miles an hour made by Mr. Scott in his winning Comet. Mr. Jones and Mr. Waller decided to try to beat the record for the return flight

from Melbourne. Leaving that city on the morning of October 27, they flew to Darwin in 11 hours 10 minutes (including a stop of 40 minutes at Charleville), a distance of 2170 miles. At Darwin they made an overnight stop, but flew on in wonderful time to Singapore and thence to Allahabad. After being temporarily held up by engine trouble, they flew on at high speed to Karachi.

MR. KEN WALLER (LEFT) AND MR. CATHCART JONES: BRITISH AIRMEN WHO MADE NEW RECORDS ON THE FLIGHT FROM MELBOURNE TO ENGLAND.

THE MACHINES THEY FLY: IN THE WORLD OF AVIATION.



A DAY BOMBER WITH A ROTATABLE GUN-TURRET: THE "OVERSTRAND" MACHINE, FOR WHICH THE AIR MINISTRY HAS PLACED A SUBSTANTIAL ORDER. A substantial order was placed recently by the Air Ministry for "Overstrand" two-engine, long-range day bombers, with movable gun-turrets. The gun-turret is a British invention, claimed as of the utmost importance in air warfare. It enables the gunner to train his gun quickly and easily on a rapidly moving target even when the aeroplane is travelling at high speed. It used to be necessary to slow down considerably so that a movable gun might be aimed.



SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH, WHO SAFELY REACHED HONOLULU FROM FIJI IN THE COURSE OF HIS TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT: A 3107-MILE "HOP" OVER THE SEA.

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith and his navigator, Captain P. G. Taylor, landed at Honolulu on October 29 after a flight of 29 hours 5 minutes from Suva, Fiji, a distance of 3197 miles. The airmen were in constant wireless communication with Honolulu, and their comments were relayed to America. They had left Brisbane on October 20, hoping to accomplish the 7900 miles to California by October 25, but they were held up at Suva for a week by bad weather.



A NEW UNIFORM FOR GERMANY'S AIR POLICE: BLUE WITH LIGHT GREEN TARS AND A BERAL GOGGLE. General Goring, in his capacity as Air Minister, has published a decree granting special uniforms for Germany's Air Police. The outfit our correspondent informs us, is blue with light-green tarts, while the men are to wear a metal cap with an eagle. We show an official with "his" taken" upon our duty.



A TRAGEDY OF THE MELBOURNE AIR RACE: THE FUNERAL IN NAPLES OF FLYING-OFFICER H. D. GILMAN AND FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT J. K. C. BAINES, WHO CRASHED IN ITALY. Disaster overtook a competing machine in the Melbourne Air Race when, on October 22, the Fairy For Row by the New Zealand aviator, Flying-Officer H. D. Gilman and Flight-Lieut. J. K. C. Baines, crashed at Palazzo San Gervasio, between Poggia and Tarento. Both men were killed. A funeral service was held in Naples on October 26 in the English church of San Flaviano, and the coffins, wrapped in the British and Italian flags, were buried in the British cemetery.



MR. AND MRS. MOLLISON AT ALLAHABAD, WHERE THEY HAD TO RETIRE FROM THE SPEED RACE—HAVING SET UP A RECORD FROM ENGLAND TO KARACHI.

Mr. and Mrs. Mollison were the first to leave Midehall in the Melbourne Air Race. They made a wonderful sight in their D. H. Comet on the first day, October 20, and covered the 2500 miles to Baghdad in 12 hours, 40 minutes. They reached Karachi in less than a day from England, landing there at 4.46 a.m. (C.M.T.) on October 21. Thereafter they were unluckily delayed by a series of troubles, and finally retired from the speed race when at Allahabad.



THE RESCUE OF FIVE OF THE SIX OCCUPANTS OF THE FILM-CARRYING AEROPLANE WHICH CRASHED: SURVIVORS BEING BROUGHT ALONGSIDE THE "WASHINGTON." A Sikorski amphibian aeroplane, which, on October 17, had flown 650 miles out to sea to pick up films of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Barbova from the United States liner "Washington," crashed in the sea as it circled low round the vessel, and one of its six occupants, a mechanic, weighed down by his heavy flying suit, was drowned. The five others managed to cling to the wreckage until they were picked up by a boat sent out from the liner. The aeroplane had been chartered by an American film company.



THE CRASH OF AN AMERICAN MACHINE FLYING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF KING ALEXANDER TO LAND: THE AMPHIBIAN IN FLIGHT, AND (BELOW) SINKING.

A Sikorski amphibian aeroplane, which, on October 17, had flown 650 miles out to sea to pick up films of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Barbova from the United States liner "Washington," crashed in the sea as it circled low round the vessel, and one of its six occupants, a mechanic, weighed down by his heavy flying suit, was drowned. The five others managed to cling to the wreckage until they were picked up by a boat sent out from the liner. The aeroplane had been chartered by an American film company.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK :



MR. G. R. STRAUSS: NEW M.P. FOR NORTH LAMBETH.

Elected M.P. (Labour) in the by-election at Lambeth caused by the death of Mr. Frank Briant, the Liberal M.P. Had a majority of 6313 over the Liberal candidate. Mr. Frank Briant had a majority of 7602 in 1931, and had previously sat for the constituency.



THE GERMAN CHURCH QUESTION: REICH BISHOP MÜLLER (RIGHT), THE PROTESTANT PRIMATE.

Reich Bishop Müller, a personal friend of Herr Hitler, was appointed head of the German Protestant Church with the object of achieving real Church unity. In this he has not been successful, and a considerable secession within the Church has taken place. On October 25 the ceremony at which the Reich Bishop was to have taken the oath of allegiance to the Leader was postponed indefinitely. Dr. Müller's coercive policy was subsequently reversed.



THE BELFORT ESPIONAGE TRIAL: CAPT. FROGÉ, CHARGED WITH SELLING OFFICIAL SECRETS.

The trial of Captain Georges Frogé, formerly of the garrison of Belfort, and of a Pole named Krauss, on charges of espionage, began at Belfort on October 26. The court ordered the proceedings to be held in camera, though six representatives of ex-service organisations were allowed to be present. Captain Frogé was accused of having sold military documents. It was announced at 12.30 a.m. on October 30 that judgment had been deferred.



DR. C. ADDISON: NEW M.P. (LABOUR) FOR SWINDON.

Elected M.P. (Labour) in the by-election at Swindon, on October 26. Had a majority over the National Conservative candidate of 2649. The Labour majority in 1929 was 2161. This was the eighth seat won by Labour at by-elections since the General Election in 1931.



AFTER GIVING A BRILLIANT RECITAL AT THE ALBERT HALL: YEHUDI MENUHIN, THE GREAT YOUNG VIOLINIST.

The Albert Hall was packed full on October 28, when Yehudi Menuhin, the youthful violinist, gave a remarkable performance. His programme opened with Mozart's concerto in D (supposed to have been written when Mozart was ten); and then he gave Bach's Chaconne, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," an aria of Handel, and Sarasate's "Caprice Basque" and "Habanera."



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE TOC H. WOMEN HELPERS' FESTIVAL AT THE ALBERT HALL: LIGHTING THE LAMP OF THE NEW BULAWAYO BRANCH.

The Duchess of York, as Patroness, attended the festival and thanksgiving service of the Toc H. League of Women Helpers, at the Albert Hall, on October 27. Her Royal Highness, who occupied the Royal Box, addressed the gathering, and referred to lamps from New Zealand and from Canada that were being lit. She herself played the leading part in the Lighting of the Lamps ceremony, and in the Ceremony of Light.



DR. D. T. OWEN.

Dr. Derwyn T. Owen, Bishop of Toronto since 1932, and previously Bishop of Niagara, was elected Primate by the General Synod of the Church of England in Canada, in September. He succeeds the late Dr. C. L. Worrell.



THE DUKE OF KENT HONOURS THE TERRITORIAL ARMY: H.R.H. VISITS GUILDHALL TO PRESENT PRIZES TO ARTILLERY BATTERIES.

A special honour was accorded to the Territorial Army when the Duke of Kent, accompanied by Major Humphrey Butler, presented the prizes to the winning batteries in the annual competitions (held under the auspices of the National Artillery Association for the Territorial Artillery) at Guildhall on October 27. The Duke is seen here inspecting the Guard of Honour.



MISS FREYA STARK.

Delivered the Burton Memorial Lecture to the Royal Asiatic Society, describing, from an archaeological point of view, her visit to the little-known land of Luristan. Has made contributions to this paper describing Luristan.



A MONARCH WHOSE PREROGATIVE HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF DISPUTE: THE KING OF SIAM.

It was announced on October 29 that a conflict involving the Royal Prerogative had arisen between the Siamese Government and National Assembly and the King, who was then residing in England, at a house in Surrey. The King declared his intention of abdicating unless his wishes were met. The dispute concerned the King's power of life and death. At the time of writing, the situation with regard to the King's abdication was not clear.

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE R.I.B.A. THE SPLENDID BUILDING THE KING WILL OPEN ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING, Patron of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has arranged to open the new headquarters of the Institute, 66, Portland Place, London, on Thursday next, November 8. The building, an achievement worthy of the great profession whose interests it will serve, was designed by Mr. G. Grey Wornum, F.R.I.B.A., and it is as beautiful as it is practical. Fittingly, its inauguration will mark the official beginning of the celebrations in connection with the centenary of the Institute, which was founded by thirteen architects assembled in the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, on July 2, 1834. Empire materials only have been used; many of them hitherto little known. With regard to the bronze doors here illustrated, which may be taken as typifying the care for detail that characterises the structure as a whole, it may be said that the London buildings they show include God's House (St. Paul's Cathedral); a Royal house (St. James's Palace); the rich man's house (Stafford House); the poor man's house (an L.C.C. tenement); the soldier's house (the Horse Guards); the City of London's house (Guildhall); the Houses of Parliament; the old R.I.B.A. building; a tube station; and the "Zoo"—an ingenious idea admirably executed. Spanning the river are Waterloo Bridge and Charing Cross railway bridge.

1. A SCREEN CARVED IN PINE, FROM CLAY MODELS BY D. C. DUNLOP, IN THE HENRY FLORENCE MEMORIAL HALL.

2. THE PORTLAND PLACE FRONT; WITH FIGURES ON COLUMNS AND BRONZE DOORS BY JAMES WOODFORD AND A RELIEF BY BAINBRIDGE COPNALL.

3. THE MAIN STAIRCASE; WITH COLUMNS CASED IN DEVON MARBLE AND DECORATIONS IN GLASS BY JAN JUTA.

4. THE HENRY FLORENCE MEMORIAL HALL, WHICH IS TO BE THE SCENE OF THE OPENING CEREMONY; WITH PLASTER CEILING RELIEFS MODELLED BY JAMES WOODFORD AND SCULPTURED WALLS DESIGNED BY BAINBRIDGE COPNALL.

5. THE MAIN BRONZE DOORS, WHICH ARE BY JAMES WOODFORD AND TELL THE STORY OF LONDON'S RIVER AND ITS BUILDINGS.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S AUSTRALIAN TOUR: H.R.H. AT SEA, AT FREMANTLE, AND AT PERTH.



CROSSING THE LINE: THE DUKE (IN THE WATER; SECOND FROM LEFT IN FOREGROUND), IN "ROPES" OF OFFICE AS ONE OF KING NEPTUNE'S BEARS.



A TIME-HONOURED CEREMONY—CROSSING THE LINE: KING NEPTUNE AND HIS COURT READING THEIR PROCLAMATIONS.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER FIRST SETS FOOT ON AUSTRALIAN SOIL: THE ROYAL VISITOR COMING ASHORE FROM H.M.S. "SUSSEX" AT FREMANTLE, WHERE HE WAS MOST ENTHUSIASTICALLY WELCOMED.



THE DUKE AT A GARDEN PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PERTH: H.R.H. WITH GUESTS (TOWARDS THE RIGHT).



A BALL AT PERTH: H.R.H. DANCING WITH MRS. ANKETELL, DAUGHTER OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, SIR JAMES MITCHELL.



VISITING THE ROYAL SHOW AT PERTH; WITH MEMBERS OF THE WEST AUSTRALIAN HUNT CLUB FORMING A MOUNTED GUARD: AN ITEM IN THE DUKE'S WESTERN AUSTRALIAN PROGRAMME.

The Duke of Gloucester, having previously crossed the Equator, did not have to undergo an initiation ceremony on board the "Sussex"; but he took part in the festivities of "Crossing the Line" and represented one of King Neptune's bears. On October 4 the ship reached Fremantle; and, after official calls on board, the Duke landed and was greeted, amid a tumultuous popular welcome, by the Lieutenant-Governor of Western Australia (Sir James Mitchell), the Chief Justice, Federal and State Ministers, and other notabilities. He was then driven by car in

procession to Perth and there, during the next few days, performed a round of varied engagements. His first official function was the placing of a wreath at the State War Memorial. Later on that day he opened the Royal Show. On October 5 the Duke visited the repatriation ward at the Perth Hospital, and afterwards performed the opening ceremony at Anzac House, the new headquarters of the Western Australian branch of the Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League. Wherever he went his route was lined by thousands of cheering people.

DESTRUCTIVE VIOLENCE IN OVIEDO.



THE UNIVERSITY OF OVIEDO COMPLETELY WRECKED BY REBELS IN THE PROVINCE OF ASTURIAS DURING THE RECENT SPANISH RISING: DÉBRIS AROUND THE STATUE OF THE FOUNDER, ARCHBISHOP VALDEZ.



AN INCIDENT DURING NINE DAYS' FIGHTING IN OVIEDO, WHERE OVER 600 PEOPLE WERE KILLED: GOVERNMENT TROOPS FIRING FROM A WINDOW AGAINST THE REBEL FORCES, WHO REPLIED WITH MACHINE-GUNS.



HAVOC IN OVIEDO, WHERE THE REBELS DESTROYED A LARGE NUMBER OF BUILDINGS BY FIRE OR DYNAMITE: A GROUP OF BURNT HOUSES IN A STREET OF THE CITY.

The cathedral city of Oviedo, capital of the province of Asturias, suffered terribly during the recent Spanish rebellion, which was particularly violent and lasted longer in that province than elsewhere. After the revolt was crushed it was stated by the head of the sanitary services at Oviedo that over six hundred bodies had been collected for burial from the ruins of the city, and he believed there were more to be recovered, including persons suffocated in the seventy houses destroyed by fire. Most of the dead were rebel miners, but there were 60 soldiers or police, and many civilians—men, women, and children—among the victims. Great damage was done to public buildings, and in particular the explosion in the Camara Santa at the Cathedral caused irreparable losses among its famous art treasures. Pillage and looting proceeded, while firing and explosions continued for nine days. The Government forces, greatly outnumbered, held out gallantly. When troops began to close round the city, the rebels took to dynamiting buildings. They destroyed the University, with its library of 40,000 volumes, the Law Courts, and several churches, and sacked the Bishop's Palace.

CONSTRUCTIVE G.P.O. WORK IN LONDON.

The Duke and Duchess of York arranged to open on Friday, November 2, the new Sorting Office lately added in London to the General Post Office departments at Mount Pleasant. It contains wonderful new machinery for dealing with a weekly total of some 24,000,000 letters. An experimental sorting apparatus, it may be recalled, was tested a few weeks ago at the Brighton Post Office, and it was reported that, in the event of its proving satisfactory, and if the postal officials were able to manipulate it, similar apparatus would be installed in every large centre. "The machine," it was stated, "is something like a big typewriter. The letters come into it on a moving belt. When the operator sees a letter addressed to Glasgow, for example, he presses a key marked 'Glasgow'; when he sees a letter addressed to Dublin, he presses a key marked 'Dublin,' and so on. The letters then fall automatically into mail-bags intended for despatch to the various centres." This machine, it is said, sorts letters three times as quickly as the work can be done by hand.



APPARATUS IN THE NEW SORTING OFFICE AT THE G.P.O. WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRANGED TO OPEN: THE LETTER PACKET SORTING MACHINE.



NEW MACHINERY FOR SORTING TWENTY-FOUR MILLION LETTERS A WEEK AT MOUNT PLEASANT: LETTERS ARRIVING AT THEIR "TERMINUS," ON THE TRAY CONVEYOR.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE NEW STREAMLINED TRAIN THAT BROKE ALL AMERICAN RAILWAY SPEED RECORDS IN HER LOS ANGELES—NEW YORK RUN, SOMETIMES ATTAINING 120 M.P.H.

The Union Pacific Railroad's streamlined train, "M 10001," ran from Los Angeles to New York (3334 miles) in 56 hours 55 minutes, beating by 15 hours 32 minutes the previous Transcontinental record and breaking practically all American railway speed records. Over short stretches it did 120 m.p.h., a speed never before reached by a fully equipped train; while for 508 miles, between Cheyenne and Omaha, the average speed was 84 m.p.h. The 900-h.p. Diesel engine is within a covered car.



IMPROVEMENTS IN VENICE: THE FINE NEW MARBLE BRIDGE WHICH REPLACES THE UGLY IRON STRUCTURE FORMERLY SPANNING THE GRAND CANAL NEAR THE STATION.

The correspondent who sends this photograph notes: "The new Scalzi bridge is of marble, with a single arch of 42 metres span. It replaces the former iron bridge, which has so often aroused the indignation of visitors by reason of its ugliness. The new bridge is admirable from an architectural point of view, and is at once graceful and robust." The Scalzi bridge is sometimes known as the Ponte alla Stazione.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BIRMINGHAM TO LAY A FOUNDATION-STONE: WALKING BETWEEN THE LORD MAYOR AND THE HEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY THROUGH LINES OF SCOUTS.

The Prince of Wales visited Birmingham on October 23 and laid the foundation-stone of the Birmingham Hospitals Centre at Edgbaston. He also cut the first sod on the site of the new Medical School buildings of the University, and inspected occupational centres for unemployed and areas of slum-clearance. Our photograph shows the Prince, on arrival, with the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman H. E. Goodby, and Sir Charles Grant Robertson, Vice-Chancellor and Principal of the University.



THE CRISIS IN THE HERRING FISHERIES: HUNDREDS OF FISHING-BOATS LYING IDLE ALONG THE QUAYS AT GREAT YARMOUTH, AFTER A GLUT OF FISH THAT REDUCED PRICES.

The herring market at Great Yarmouth, at the time when this photograph was taken, contrasted strangely with the scene a few days before (on October 23), when over 300 boats delivered 34,000 crans of herrings. As this glut caused a ruinous fall in prices, it was arranged that all the drifter fleets—about 800 boats—should lie idle till October 28. A recent conference held at the Scottish Office, Whitehall, approved a recommendation of the Sea-Fish Commission that the herring industry should be reorganised.



A NATURAL "BAS-RELIEF": THE CURIOUS PATTERN SCORED BY WATER ON A TRACT OF LAND RECLAIMED FROM THE SEA IN GERMANY.

Among several big schemes of land reclamation put into operation in Germany is one which aims at winning back fertile acres from the North Sea. Our photograph shows an air view of land thus partially reclaimed. The draining off of the sea-water produces an extraordinary pattern on the bare soil unprotected by vegetation—reminiscent of a branching tree.

NOTE.—We are omitting the current "Treasure of the Week" at the Victoria and Albert Museum, as the subject (a miniature) is hardly large enough for a separate illustration, and may more suitably be combined with next week's selection.



NEW LOCKS ON THE GRAND UNION CANAL OPENED BY THE DUKE OF KENT, SEEN FROM THE AIR: A SIGN OF REVIVAL IN WATERWAYS.

The Duke of Kent flew to Kington, Warwick, on October 30, to open the new locks on the Grand Union Canal. After the ceremony he enjoyed a trip on the canal in a barge. The locks in question lie between Napton and Birmingham. Their opening marks the virtual completion of the Grand Union Canal Company's £1,000,000 scheme of development, begun in 1931.



"VIEW THROUGH AN ARCHWAY."—BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793).

BY A PUPIL, BUT NOT AN IMITATOR, OF CANALETTO: A BRILLIANT EXAMPLE OF A FAMOUS 18TH-CENTURY VENETIAN MASTER.

The art of Francesco Guardi, who was born and died at Venice, was formerly much underrated, but he has since come into his own, and nowadays his work is in high favour among collectors. Modern opinion counts him, along with Tiepolo, as one of the most interesting Venetian painters of the eighteenth century. He was a pupil, but not an imitator, of Canaletto, and according to one authority far excelled his master, especially in spontaneity and freedom from formula and convention. He

Painted Venice with more realism, while his design and colour are charming. The brilliant example here reproduced (by arrangement with "Apollo" Magazine) is in the National Gallery, as part of the Salting Bequest. Guardi is well represented in this country, as in the Wallace Collection, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and galleries at Oxford, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Many of his pictures were painted for Englishmen travelling abroad, from whom he received his most profitable commissions.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



THE ROMANCE OF THE RAND: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A WITWATERSRAND GOLD MINE—SURFACE WORKINGS ON THE FAMOUS CROWN MINES, NEAR JOHANNESBURG.

The steady rise in the price of gold has revived anew the age-old romance of this precious metal, for which as currency no adequate substitute has been found. South Africa, fortunate in its possession of great gold deposits producing two-thirds of the world's gold supply, is enjoying a period of recovery and prosperity after one of the most acute depressions in her history. The influence of gold in this recovery is so great that the industry must necessarily occupy a prominent place in our Special Number. This picture has been chosen as representative of all the mines along that fabulous reef stretching from Randfontein in the West to Brakpan and beyond in the East for a

distance of some eighty miles. Recent prospecting seems to indicate that the gold reefs of the Witwatersrand series may not be confined to that area. Within the past year or two there has been considerable exploitation of potential and intermittent reefs between the town of Klerksdorp in the South Western Transvaal and the town of Heidelberg in the North-East, a distance of approximately 160 miles. The existence of gold throughout that area is known, but whether it will be found in paying quantities, time and development alone will tell. In the meantime, the actual producing areas of the Western, Central, and Eastern Rand provide the overseas visitor with the real romance of

this industry, which is outwardly visible in white mountains of sand dumps and tall head-gears. Since the first workings started in 1884, it is estimated that gold to the value of nearly £1,300,000,000 has been extracted from the gold beds of the Witwatersrand. The nerve centre of the industry is the city of Johannesburg, which in forty-eight years has grown into a metropolis. Its population when founded in 1886 numbered fifty. The estimated population to-day is 400,000 persons, inhabiting an urban area of eighty-two square miles. But it is not the size of its population, barely that of a small provincial town in Europe, nor its area that impresses the newcomer, so much as the extra-

ordinary activity of this twentieth-century city. It has lately embarked on extensive schemes of reconstruction and, in the course of the next year or two, its sky-line will assume a splendid impressiveness. Many sun-seekers have already discovered South Africa as a fascinating land of change from the northern winter. As the majority of our readers must know, the Government of the Union of South Africa is fostering the advent of travellers, and reliable information about the country and its organised travel services can be obtained from the Director of the Union Government Travel Bureau, at South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MONTAGUE B. BRACK.



BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WAR-MONGERS of the baser sort might think it amusing to "pooh-pooh" the pacifism expounded, by the progenitor of Christopher Robin, in "PEACE WITH HONOUR." An Enquiry into the War Convention. By A. A. Milne (Methuen; 7s.). This book, however, is more than an enquiry: it is a powerful indictment of war and a passionate appeal for peace. It loses none of its power and passion, I think, for being salted with the author's fanciful humour, or for being the work of one who has identified himself with the mind of childhood. There is an old book, rather shelved nowadays, which says: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." I am inclined to listen with respect to an interpreter of the child mind, especially when he denounces a "convention" which, unless abolished, will cause a Massacre of the Innocents that would far out-Herod Herod.

Mr. Milne does not write of war as a thing outside his own experience. Though his service in France is not obtruded, an incidental allusion to "a quiet boy in our reserve battalion," and what befell him in the battle-zone, is enough to show that he is not 'painting an imaginary picture when he says to the national leaders of Europe: "Tear away the veil of sentimental mysticism through which you have looked at war, and try to see it as it really is. It is no longer war. It is something for which the word has not yet been invented, something as far removed from the Napoleonic Wars as they were from a boxing-match. This new thing which you are asked to renounce is a degradation which would soil the beasts, a lunacy which would shame the madhouse. . . . The next war will be a war from the air in which every woman and child will be involved. There is no defence for these women and children but an attack which will involve the enemy's women and children. . . . I ask you to decide that there shall be no such war; to . . . realise that the only way of avoiding war is to renounce war; and to pledge all your honour in an oath of renunciation." To the common militarist contention that war can never be renounced "so long as human nature is what it is," but "only when we are all saints," his answer is: "We need not be saints. It will be enough if we stop being criminal lunatics."

The foregoing extract from Mr. Milne's final chapter, summarising his appeal, indicates both his attitude to war and his proposed method of preventing it—an oath to be taken, with all the solemnity of Armistice Day, by the leaders and nations of Europe, "to renounce for ever the use of armaments against each other." To explain all the author's arguments would be to transcribe the book, and I can only suggest that it should be read by all who would save Europe from impending calamity. One important point, however, may be mentioned—his view concerning security. "There is no such thing," Mr. Milne declares, "as complete security in this world." The best to be had rests on a moral, not a physical, basis. Real security depends on mutual trust. I am entirely with Mr. Milne in his hatred of war and his desire to prevent it, and in his plea for international co-operation. At the same time, I feel there are certain considerations which his book either misrepresents or ignores. I think, for example, he imputes too much belligerence to "Elder Statesmen," forgetting the hot-headed zeal of modern youth. Again, Europe is not the whole of the world, and other causes of conflict might conceivably occur, besides those questions of "prestige" and false patriotism which he effectively confutes. I take it, however, that he believes such problems could be solved by arbitration.

Mr. Milne is not wholly against the use of force. Although he does not say it in so many words, his book is really an appeal for peace and co-operation in Europe, and he practically confines this appeal to the leaders of four nations—Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. There is one inconspicuous but significant passage in which, replying to an Elder Statesman's query about Disarmament, he writes: "Disarmament will look after itself. It is improbable that a nation will spend millions on something which is no longer required [i.e., after the Oath renouncing war]. . . . On the other hand, armaments necessary for internal security, or for the protection of a country's nationals outside Europe, will be maintained as before [the italics are mine], but without fear of voking rivalry from any other country. . . . Clearly the armament problem stands or

falls with the pledge." Here Mr. Milne seems to skim rather lightly over extremely thin ice. Is the pledge to be world-wide, or only European? If the latter, does Europe include Russia, and what about the other continents?

Every now and then it becomes evident that a considerable proportion of mankind, if uncontrolled, is ready to commit acts of violence and cruelty, as was alleged recently, for example, against some of the Spanish rebels. It is obvious, indeed, that in many parts of the earth order could not be preserved without military power, and our own society depends on the police, with soldiers in the background. The ethics of compulsion, so lightly touched upon by Mr. Milne, are thoroughly explored, in regard to international affairs, in "FORCE." By Lord Davies. With Frontispiece (Benn; 21s.). Like Lord Allen of Hurtwood,

ordered to commit these hideous and ghastly crimes, to poison women and children, to annihilate whole cities, to wage a campaign of incendiarism and murder on such a scale as the world has never yet witnessed." Lord Davies appeals to the British electors to exert pressure on our politicians to support the world-force project at Geneva, but, if he wants his book to be widely read by the generality of voters, as well as by statesmen, he would be wise to issue a popular edition at a cheaper price.

I come now to some books which are not concerned with moral theories regarding war, but assume its existence and its possible recurrence and consider ways and means of waging it. In view of the naval talks recently begun in London, and the coming Naval Conference next year, a book of great importance and timely significance is "SEA POWER IN THE MODERN WORLD." By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, K.C.B., Vere Harmsworth Professor of Naval History, Cambridge University (Bell; 10s. 6d.). The author examines the needs of the chief maritime nations, and such controversial questions as the reduction in the size of battleships. Especially interesting, too, is the chapter on the relation between sea-power and air-power. But, though he does not deal with ethical questions concerning war, he does discuss very fully, in his chapter on "Collective and Individual Security," the practical side of the scheme of "collectivity" which, he recalls, has been consistently urged by France, "with a logic which is flawless."

On this matter Sir Herbert says: "Collective security by means of what has been called an 'international police force' would require the existence of a permanent armed force in an unarmed world, whose certainty of action, readiness to act, and irresistible power, would command confidence as complete as the confidence in the internal police forces of nations. The 'Pax Britannica,' or of any other kind, results from the fixed determination that peace shall be preserved, not from a platonic affection and desire for peace. It is the result of a will, not of a pious wish. Mere expressions of the wrongfulness of fighting will never preserve peace or prevent fighting, nor will peoples be prevented from strife by any object-lessons of its cost, assertions of its futility, or assurances that nothing is ever gained by war; for history affords ample examples of nations having obtained profitable results from aggressive action against others." Discussing difficulties in the working of any form of collective action, Sir Herbert draws an interesting historical comparison with a somewhat similar system tried in antiquity, the Amphictyonic League among the states of ancient Greece. He also points out the special dangers to which an island nation, such as our own, would be exposed in the event of a breakdown in the machinery of peace.

Another book that comes very appropriately at this time of naval conversations, and is doubtless already proving useful as a work of reference, is "THE WORLD'S WARSHIPS." By Oscar Parkes. Illustrated (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.). This little volume, compiled by the same hand as its big sister, "Jane's Fighting Ships"—that famous repository of current naval information—gives a very compact survey of the 'subject, with a large number of excellent photographs showing important types of ships. The book is now in its third year of publication, and the new edition embodies many improvements in the manner of production.

One of the best single-volume works on the military events of the four years ended by the Armistice takes a fresh form in "A HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR." 1914-1918. By Liddell Hart. With twenty-six Maps (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.). Explaining this book's relation to its predecessor of 1930, Captain Liddell Hart writes: "In evolving the present volume from *The Real War* there has been some revision, but more enlargement." Among other additions, an outline of the war in the air is given under the title "Panorama." From the point of view of war-prevention, the most interesting section of Captain Liddell Hart's book is his opening chapter on the origins of the Great War, which show the kind of dangers to be guarded against in the way of diplomatic intrigue, misunderstandings, and unscrupulous ambitions. His account of the Serajevo crime in 1914 suggests certain comparisons and contrasts with that committed twenty years later at Marseilles. Let us hope the Muse of History will now discourage further repetition.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

in his book, "Britain's Political Future" (reviewed here last week), Lord Davies advocates the establishment of an international air force to police the world, and he argues his case with great vigour and cogency, incidentally denouncing British policy at Geneva for opposing any such scheme. Many people think, however, that the time is not yet ripe for a world authority, which would be drawn from nations still jealous of each other, and that co-operation must come by degrees. Meanwhile, those Powers, such as the British Empire, responsible for keeping order, must be strong enough to enforce it. Moreover, before any world force could be established, it might be as well to decide what kind of social and economic system the various component nations would wish it to support. At present there seems to be some division of opinion on this point.

In his condemnation of modern warfare Lord Davies is at one with Mr. Milne, though he throws the blame for the recrudescence of war fever less on Elder Statesmen than on the impulsive ignorance of youth and on mob psychology. "Youth," he writes, "does not realise that war has been robbed of its romance. . . . Youth will be

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

HUMOUR—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

THIS week has seen the "come-back" of an American comedian of international reputation, Mr. Harold Lloyd, and the latest exploitation of a thoroughly British droll, Mr. Jack Hulbert. Totally dissimilar as are the methods of these two players and the atmosphere of their individual vehicles, there are, nevertheless, points of contact between their new pictures that prompt comparison. In both cases, the "heroes" come into comical conflict at the outset with unknown forces of which they are the easy dupes. Both are set the task of cleaning up a section of the underworld, and both achieve their purpose by a piece of spectacular bluff, with a veneer of grim reality to provide an exciting climax. But whereas the Lloyd entertainment has a sharp edge of satire and a "hard-boiled" ruthlessness to set off the leading actor's gentle and disarming personality, the Hulbert comedy romps along in a spirit of burlesque in harmony with the school-boy gusto of its star.

After an absence of two years, Mr. Harold Lloyd returns to the screen in "The Cat's Paw" (at the Capitol) in a new guise. He has decided, very wisely, on a change of policy. Gone are the acrobatic "stunts," the elaborate "gags," and all the comic business of physical discomfiture. From a story of political graft and racketeering smashed by a Simple Simon in spectacles, Mr. Lloyd emerges as a first-rate straight comedian. His study of a timid youth, brought up in China on the philosophy of the Chinese poets and the obsequious courtesy of the Oriental gentleman, is not only amusing, but consistent throughout. Flung into the vortex of corrupt politics, he gradually gets the upper hand, parrying the *argot* of the crooks with the flowers of Eastern speech, and the threats of the bullies with bland politeness. His incidental tussles on the way—with the telephone, for instance—revive the well-known Lloydian idiom, but in the main his work has a freshness of attack and of characterisation that will give it a new lease of life.

Mr. Jack Hulbert, invading the land of the Pharaohs as Air Force Squadron-Leader Jack Campbell, carries his own racily British brand of humour into his new playground in "The Camels Are Coming," presented at the New Gallery. Sent in pursuit of a gang of drug-smugglers, he, too, is no match for crooks in the earlier chapters of this Egyptian escapade. He has his tussles with the Near East, as Mr. Lloyd has with the West. His prolonged argument with a recalcitrant and voluble camel must be seen to be appreciated. Bamboozled by the smugglers, giving chase to the wrong people, in and out of disguise,

photography. A production of such calibre, to which Mr. Tim Whelan's able direction gives the necessary pace and pictorial quality, should do much to further the cause of British humour in America, and to bring about an understanding of our lighter moods in return for the grasp of American jesting displayed by English audiences.

SHADOWS BEFORE.

One of the biggest events of the autumn season, the presentation of the new Gaumont-British picture, "The Iron Duke," has been fixed for November 30, and, by all the signs and portents in the air, we may expect an evening of rare interest. The "gala première" at the Tivoli will be graced by the presence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the proceeds will be handed over to a cause that cannot fail in its appeal—the Reconstruction Fund of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. But, apart from this promise of a brilliant social function and the impetus of charitable purpose, the production itself is of a nature to raise expectancy on tip-toe. To begin with, it stars Mr. George Arliss, "the first gentleman of the screen" and supreme master of



"THE IRON DUKE," MR. GEORGE ARLISS'S FIRST BRITISH FILM: THE SCENE IN THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS (EXACTLY RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE FILM) WHEN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON REPLIES TO THE TAUNT THAT HE HAS BROUGHT NO REWARD BACK TO ENGLAND IN RETURN FOR THE SACRIFICES MADE BY HER IN THE CAUSE OF EUROPEAN PEACE.

Great interest attaches to the film of "The Iron Duke," not only on account of its ambitious historical setting, but also because the centenary of the destruction of the old Houses of Parliament fell but a short while ago. This event, and the old Houses of Parliament, were fully illustrated in our issue of October 13. Details of the interior of the old House of Lords are seen faithfully reproduced in our illustration, including the benches of be-wigged bishops, the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack, and "Black Rod" seated in the extreme right-hand corner.

kinematic technique. Secondly, it is this English-born actor's début in British pictures; and, thirdly, in choosing from the subjects submitted to him the character of the Duke of Wellington, he has shown his perspicacity. For here is a figure and a period to stir the imagination of the masses. Here is material with the throb of the heroic in it, a vast canvas to work upon, incidents indelibly printed on the mind of every film-goer, a piece of history to be told with a fine dramatic flourish, and a dominating hero for an actor who possesses in a rare degree the power of domination.

Mr. George Arliss—and the Iron Duke! Yes, it is a combination to inspire eager anticipation. Undoubtedly the picture has been planned on the grand scale. With a story swinging as it does from the pageantry of the

that gets these vast productions on their legs, have had a busy time of it. A peep or two behind the scenes is sufficient to reveal the vast amount of labour entailed by a super-production. Take the House of Lords, for instance. On October 16, 1834, a faulty flue caused a conflagration that completely gutted the magnificent council chambers. "The Iron Duke," however, demands a scene showing the interior as it was before the fire. Old prints were unearthed, historical advisers pondered together, and then one day the chief carpenter received a blue-print. Once again the House of Lords had been architecturally planned, and for a second time in history the glittering chamber rose again, only this time some six miles westward of Westminster, where it originally stood. Built on the famous No. 4 sound stage at the Gaumont-British studios, this setting, stamped with the authenticity of old engravings and the mellow beauty of the House which for centuries has been the scene of wordy conflict, supplanted within three days the scarred and bitter battlefield of Waterloo.

The building of a battlefield is apparently a simple matter. All you have to do is to get your ingredients. Gaumont-British brought their hundred tons of earth from a new road in the making—this one, to be precise, lay under the shadow of Wormwood Scrubs. A field of waving corn, imported from Buckinghamshire to grow serenely in that borrowed soil, stacks of timber appropriately dressed in earth, grass, and stunted gorse by the "props" men, the wreckage of war littering the plain beneath the hilltop whence Mr. George Arliss, mounted, and telescope clapped to eye, sees the approach of Napoleon and his staff (though probably what he actually saw was Mr. Victor Saville and his staff), and the illusion is complete. Illusion—illusion! Yet shall we not thrill to the famous "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" charge when the Scots Greys come thundering over the fields of Waterloo? And shall we guess that this stirring incident was "shot" in Scotland (after a slight disagreement with the clerk of the weather) by a production unit that moved on to Salisbury Plain for the filming of massed infantry performing prodigies of valour, the whole to become, later on, an integral part of the colossal battle-scenes at Shepherd's Bush? Illusion—illusion! Yet, behind it, what brains and hard work! Mr. Herbert Norris, artist and designer, lends his assistance to the Research Department of Gaumont-British, and is responsible for an accuracy which the public is inclined to overlook in the general magnificence of pictures such as "Jew Süss" and "The Iron Duke." But it is just this larger vision which has invaded our studios, this calling in of the expert in every department, which first lifted British pictures from the level of "artificial grass," and which, carrying production ambition to its present heights, adds dignity to display.



"THE IRON DUKE," WHICH WILL HAVE ITS PREMIERE AT THE TIVOLI ON NOVEMBER 30: A SCENE AT THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA—A NOTABLE RECONSTRUCTION WHICH MAY BE COMPARED TO THE CONTEMPORARY PRINT OF THE CONGRESS REPRODUCED HEREWITH.

George Arliss as the Duke of Wellington is seen standing at the table and speaking. Round the table (from l. to r.) are seen Farren Soutar as Metternich, Gerald Lawrence as the Czar, and Norman Shelley as Pozzo di Borgo.

he finally manages to run his quarry to earth, putting up a grand fight in a ruined fort with the aid of dummy figures perambulating on camels, and the charming Miss Anna Lee, nimble-footed and gallant. The Hulbert grin, the Hulbert assurance, the Hulbert song and dance, are not to be overawed by Pyramids or Sphinx, the splendid desolation of the desert, or the wrath of the C.O. A jolly picture, full of lively invention and enhanced by impressive aerial



A CONTEMPORARY PRINT OF THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA AT THE SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE, FOR COMPARISON WITH THE RECONSTRUCTION MADE FOR THE FILM: A PICTURE THAT SHOWS CASTLEREAGH SEATED IN THE CENTRE AND METTERNICH STANDING WITH HIS HAND EXTENDED TOWARDS HIM; AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

WATERLOO RE-FOUGHT—IN SCOTLAND!

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, SCOTS GREYS,
AND ROYAL ARTILLERY IN "THE IRON DUKE."



A HISTORIC MOMENT AT WATERLOO RE-ENACTED IN SCOTLAND FOR THE FILM "THE IRON DUKE": HIGHLANDERS BREAK THROUGH THE FRENCH LINE.



A FAMOUS INCIDENT AT WATERLOO: THE END OF THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS WITH THE GORDONS (ACTED BY ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS).



HISTORICAL ACCURACY OF DETAIL: SCOTS GREYS IN THE WATERLOO UNIFORM OF THEIR REGIMENT.



AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AS A FRENCH CUIRASSIER, IN "THE IRON DUKE."



WELLINGTON AND HIS TROOPS IN "THE IRON DUKE": GEORGE ARLISS AS THE GENERAL RECONNOITRING WITH HIS STAFF; AND INFANTRY MARCHING PAST.



A FAMOUS CHARGE RE-ENACTED: SCOTS GREYS AND GORDON HIGHLANDERS GOING FORWARD TOGETHER; THE FORMER IMPERSONATED BY MEN OF THAT REGIMENT AND THE LATTER BY ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.



THE FRENCH IN POSITION: AN IMPERIAL REGIMENT SEEN IMPERSONATED BY ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS IN THE VERSION OF WATERLOO FILMED IN THE PENTLAND HILLS, NEAR EDINBURGH.

It was announced recently that the Prince of Wales would attend a charity performance of Mr. George Arliss's first British film, the Gaumont-British production, "The Iron Duke," at the Tivoli on November 30. The proceeds will go to the Great Ormond Street Hospital. Obviously, the film deals with the life of the Duke of Wellington. Great pains have been taken over the Duke's dress; for Mr. George Arliss is noted for his care for detail. One of the interesting facts that have come to light about Wellington is that while on active service he used to wear a blue

coat lined with white when fighting was not expected; but when a battle was imminent he would throw on a short grey coat in order that he might be recognised from afar. Scenes on the battlefield of Waterloo were re-enacted near Edinburgh for the film; and, in particular, the famous charge when the Scots Greys went forward with the Gordons at their stirrups was "played" by Scots Greys serving to-day, and by Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. This is stated to be the first time that the War Office has allowed such large bodies of troops to be employed for film purposes.

Of Interest to Women.

71—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON
NEWS—NOV. 3, 1934

PERSONALITIES AND PERFUMES.

WOMEN in general choose their apparel in order to enhance their charms—in other words, to add that extra touch to compensate for whatever Nature has not provided. Many overlook perfume as an aid to increasing their attractions. Coty has created twenty-five perfumes, in order that every woman may have a choice of perfume which will harmonise and accentuate her natural charm. Furthermore, he has prepared a chart showing those that will appeal to individual types. This chart will be sent on application to Coty, Stratford Place, London, W. Frankly, the illustrations on this page were inspired by the chart. Eau de Cologne and Eau de Lavande are necessities rather than luxuries. Furthermore, there is a unique collection of aids to beauty that bear the name of Coty, including creams, toilet waters, soap, and bath salts. A new note is struck in powder compacts.



Although reminiscent of moorland freshness, La Jacee expresses the individuality of women who revel in beautiful jewels and furs—indeed, those who love luxury. It is essentially for the evening. It has a rival in L'Aminant, which has an intriguing fragrance, is puzzling, inexplicable, the very essence of modernism. There is really something magnetic about it.

Among the "pleasant perfumes that rejoice the heart" is Eau de Lavande. It is essentially one of memories. Its fragrance lingers in an elusive, subtle manner that is impossible to describe. It should be applied in little drops behind the ears, at the nape of the neck, on the forehead, on the upper eyelid, under the arms, and in the palm of the hand.

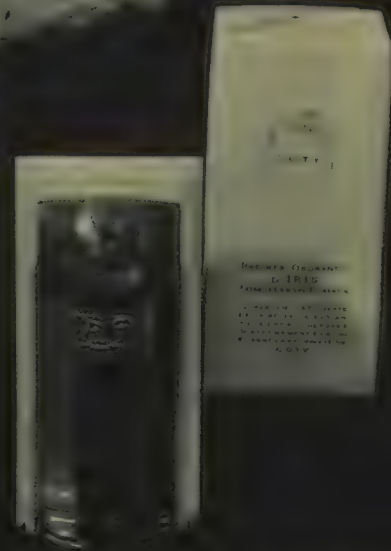
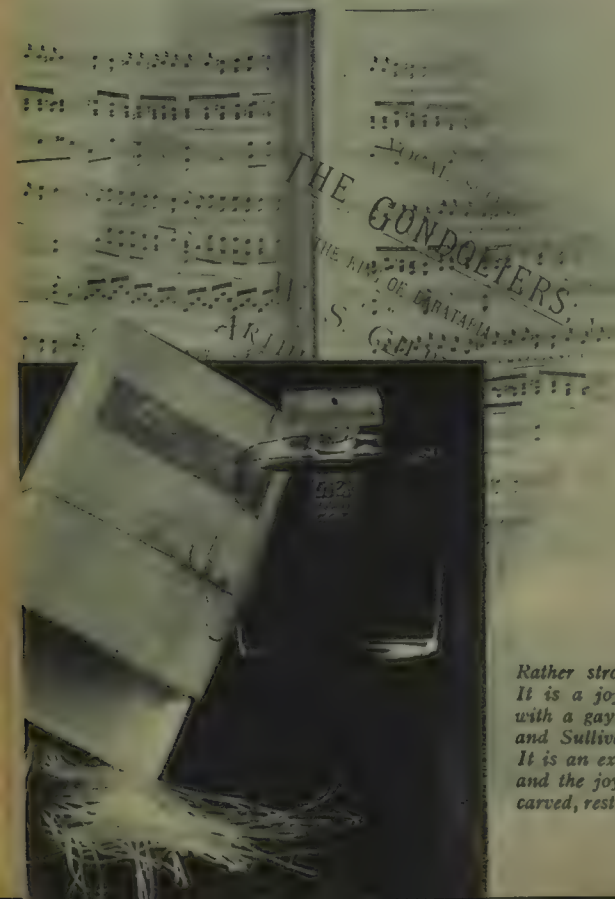
Sportswomen of strong character need something to emphasise their individuality, and this they will find in L'Emeraude. It appeals to women who hunt and are really fond of horses, as well as to golf and tennis enthusiasts. Its aroma mingles with the air; it soothes rather than excites the senses. It imparts a feeling of restfulness and is very refreshing.

Eau de Cologne (Cordon Rouge) is for everyone. It is produced exclusively from the fruits and flowers grown on Coty's own plantations in Sicily and the south of France. It harmonises with all perfumes. Its hygienic properties are unique—it may be used as a mouth-wash, and when travelling it should be inhaled from time to time. All that it is necessary to do is to sprinkle a few drops on a handkerchief.

Rather stronger than White Lilac is Le Lilas Pourpre. It is a joyous perfume and is destined for the woman with a gay, frank personality who delights in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. A Suma is Coty's latest creation. It is an exotic perfume for exciting moments, warm days, and the joy of open-air life. Its container is exquisitely carved, resting on a black ebony base with four lacquered feet.

"Iris" is an elusive perfume with a definite charm of its own and is in complete harmony with the personality of the calm, idealistic woman. She is ever sympathetic and understanding. Nothing gives her greater pleasure than the study of archaeology. Her ideal of perfect beauty is the Acropolis, with the Parthenon built on its highest point. And then there is the Temple of the Wingless Victory.

(Photographs: Blake)





A Soldier at Waterloo

"When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass

From the Diary of a Cavalry Officer, June, 1815, after being severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. ("Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.)

"It was not long before I sent for the Guinness and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

GUINNESS is good for you

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHAIR DESIGN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

while one or two are very good and others quite ordinary in my own personal view (which is not necessarily that of my readers), do prove that the furniture man of 150 to 200 years ago was inspired by the same forward-looking spirit that animates the best furniture people of to-day.

True, he had certain advantages—he lived in a more leisurely age, and, on the whole, he worked for people who appreciated a certain mellow comfort; he was not asked to provide dining-rooms that were to look as near cocktail-bars as possible; and he didn't have to bother about an enormous mass of people whose views had been coloured by two or three generations of Victorian industrialism. On the other hand, he was not required to spend his time in laborious efforts to reproduce the styles of a century previous. Imagine for a moment the position if the polite world of the 1750's had been overwhelmed by a passion for what I have seen advertised in an American paper

of Victoria. That the cabinet-makers of the last half of the eighteenth century gave us furniture which, in the opinion of many enthusiasts, is unsurpassed for quality and good taste is beside the point: what matters is that they imposed their own original ideas upon the traditions they inherited—that they were, in short, fully and definitely alive; so that, even though we may dislike some of their designs, we can hardly fail to find them interesting.

No. 1 is a fairly typical example of the 1720's, with its vase-shaped splat, deep apron with its shell, and sturdy cabriole legs ending in ball and claw feet—a trifle heavy, perhaps, but very dignified. With the next two illustrations (2 and 3) we are on more familiar—and lighter—ground. The pierced ladder-back of No. 2, with its two high shoulders, is undoubtedly graceful, and so is the intricate open-work pattern of No. 3. I never find eighteenth-century "Gothic" detail very thrilling, but numerous excellent

judges consider it provides an admirable foil to otherwise smooth surfaces, and certainly the two small brackets beneath the seat of this chair are pretty enough. In both these examples the rake of the back legs sweeping upwards to the main line of the upper portion is an important part both of the structure and the general outline—a simple and excellent instance of what in our modern jargon we call "functional design." Molière's hero discovered he had been speaking prose all his life—Chippendale, in whatever elysium good cabinet-makers go to, can now rest assured that he was an admirable "functional" artist.

Is No. 4 a little dry and dull? Perhaps it is to us, who have forgotten the eager interest of London society of the 1760's and thereabouts in reminiscences of classical antiquity; but chairs like this must have delighted the world and his wife when they first appeared on the market. Orpheus did not "bang his blooming lyre" in vain when George III. was on the throne, and both French and English went all Greek in the most genteel manner imaginable. One could deduce from this single chair the æsthetic history of a decade—and, were other evidence lacking, I can well imagine the learned accounting for its appearance by some astonishing archaeological discovery: they would be right, for this chair springs from the unearthing of the streets of Pompeii ten or fifteen years previously.

Perhaps No. 5 is more to modern taste, with its vertical lines and "clean" simplicity: those who prefer more flowing, easy curves will find it a trifle uncompromising, but, after all, there are more curves in it than appear at a casual glance. There's the segment of a circle at the top, and the easy fall of the narrow drapery across the vertical, or nearly vertical, bars, and

the really delightful shape of the arms, a point, by the way, which is one of the several virtues of No. 4. In both these cases I like also the agreeable curve of the front of the seat. It is really a very cunning, practical, and straightforward piece of construction.



1. AN EARLY STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE "POLITE" CHAIR IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND: A GEORGE I. PIECE IN WALNUT; WITH VASE-SHAPED SPLAT, STURDY CABRIOLE LEGS, AND DEEP APRON.



2. A LATER STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHAIR; WITH MASSIVENESS GIVING PLACE TO LIGHTNESS: A MAHOGANY CHAIR WITH UNDULATING LADDER-BACK.



3. THE DESIGNER'S FANCY WORKING MORE FREELY AS THE CENTURY ADVANCES: A MAHOGANY CHAIR WITH PIERCED BACK CARVED WITH ACANTHUS FOLIAGE, AND "GOTHIC" ORNAMENT IN FRONT.



4. A STYLE WHICH, THOUGH FORMAL TO MODERN EYES, WAS, DOUBTLESS, THOUGHT TO BE IN THE HEIGHT OF THE NEO-CLASSICAL FASHION IN THE 1760'S: A MAHOGANY CHAIR WITH A LYRE-SHAPED BACK AND SQUARE, STRAIGHT, LEGS.



5. HARMONIOUS THOUGH SEVERE, AND ELOQUENT OF THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH THE LIFE OF "GENTEEL" PEOPLE WAS CONDUCTED AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A MAHOGANY CHAIR DATING FROM 1780-90.

as "Tudorbethan" style. Chippendale, Ince and Mayhew, and the rest would have spent all their energies in making copies and adaptations of sixteenth-century pieces, and we should to-day be deploring the stagnation which overtook furniture design in the reign of George II., instead of in the early years

I HAVE recently had the privilege of a talk about chairs with two men, one of whom informed me, with the gravity of a Roman senator, that nothing good in furniture design had been, or could be, produced since the year 1800; while the other, with equal solemnity, urged me to preach a crusade for the total destruction of everything made before 1920. It is good fun meeting one-track minds, for what they lack in breadth they make up in intensity—moreover, they give one an opportunity of explaining, without offence, exactly how idiotic they are. We all three separated in a good humour, each with a comfortable feeling of superiority over the other two, ready to resume the argument on a future occasion without the slightest hope of reaching agreement. It is, of course, impossible to reconcile widely differing tastes, and it is notorious that one man's chair is another man's torture; but it ought surely to be possible to show that the makers of these five eighteenth-century chairs tried to do exactly what the modern chair-maker is trying to do—that is, to produce an efficient article which will be (a) useful and (b) pleasant to look at. I'm not sure that our glib theorists of to-day, with their thesis that efficiency necessarily implies beauty, are not overstating their case. There are many comfortable chairs that are hideous when you are not in them; conversely, it is self-evident that many a beautiful chair is singularly unsuitable for use. What the fanatic praiser of the past appears to want to do is to prevent the designer of to-day from imitating the designer of the eighteenth century—he wants him to copy the design and not imitate the spirit; and our more fanatic moderns don't seem to see that Chippendale and his contemporaries and competitors really were innovators, and not merely the slaves of past fashions; and that the anonymous Queen Anne workman was also a man who did not look backwards for his models.

Now, all the five chairs on this page were once the last word in modern taste. They have been chosen quite casually from the several hundred that have appeared in the London auction-rooms in the past few months, and most of them came from the collection of Mr. Stephen Winkworth, which was sold at Sotheby's last year. They date from the 1720's to the 1790's, and, given sufficient space, one could illustrate dozens of other types which would all point the same moral—that the possibilities of chair-design are infinite, even if the essential quality of a chair—sittability, if I may coin the word—is most definitely finite. My friend A will say that here are chairs that are to be for all time the model for designers; and B will reply that they are like that Prince Fred, who is dead and about whom there's no more to be said; while I say that here are five chairs which,



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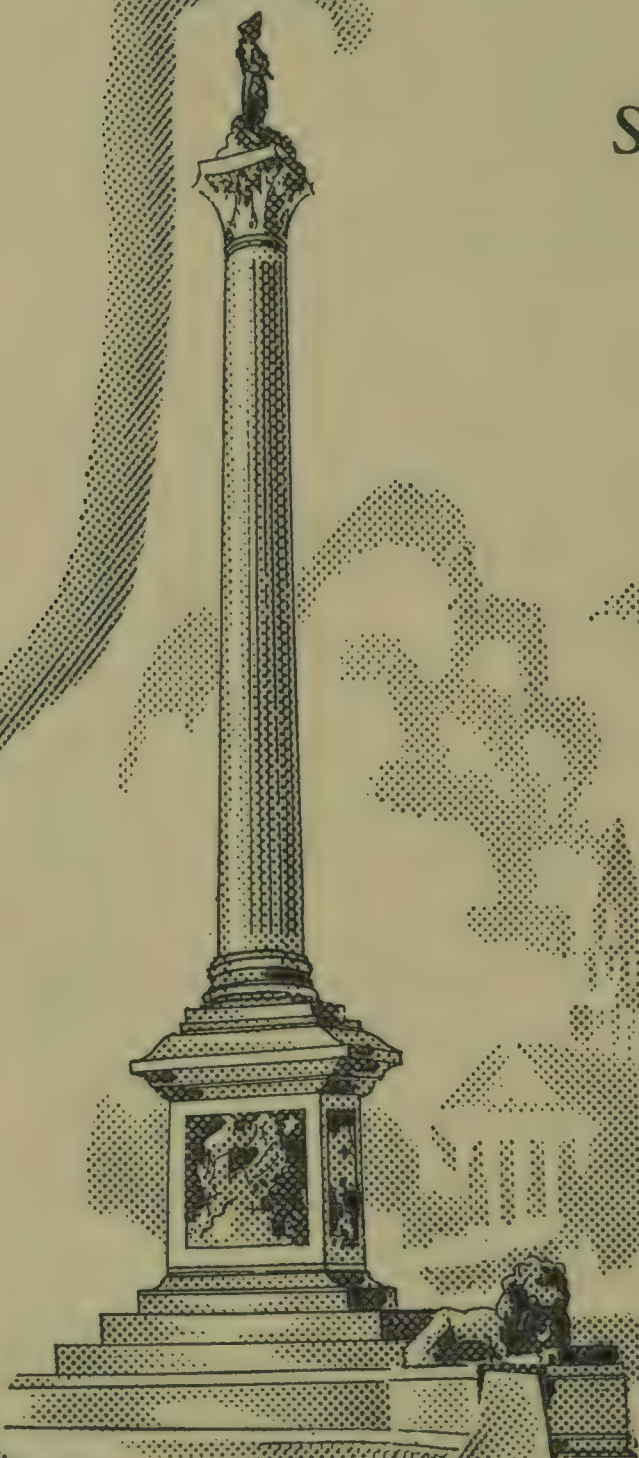
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A SOUTH AFRICAN SURVEY.

SOUTH AFRICA—A LAND FOR TRAVEL. By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

SEVERAL of the fair lands of this world first became known to Europe through chance—a shipwreck, but never one more fair than the land of South Africa. Little did Leendert Jansz and Nicholas Proot, shipwrecked in Table Bay in the year 1648, with the crew of the *Haarlem*, dream, during the five months they remained ashore, when they established friendly relations with the natives and obtained from them sheep, cattle, and sowing-vegetables, which thrived amazingly, that they were sowing the seeds of a great nation; nor could Jan van Riebeeck, who was sent out by the Dutch East India Company in 1651, to form a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, as a revictualling station for vessels of the Dutch East India fleet, ever have visualised his little station becoming the capital of a country fifty times the size of Holland, one of the great ports of the world, and the centre for tens of thousands of travellers annually, bent on enjoying the splendid climate of that country, its magnificent scenery, and in exploring many of the wonders it contains.

A finer country for travel one cannot imagine, nor one more suitable for those who are anxious to escape the rigours of a winter in these northern climes, for summer then reigns in South Africa, and the land is drenched in sunshine. The temperature varies according to latitude, altitude, and ocean currents, the west

of the great heights, there is the softer scenery of thickly wooded mountain glens, where fast-flowing streams tumble from rock to rock amongst a wealth of greenery, of

south and west coastal regions of the Cape Province, of quartzite, bare and bleak, with precipitous cliffs and dark ravines, adown which foaming torrents rush to pour, in great falls, to the plains below. In the heart of the Zwartberg range, near Oudsthoorn, there are huge caverns of stalagmite and stalactite, of rare beauty, and the scenery generally of this region—the Montagu Pass, George, and away to the Wilderness—is so fascinating that it has been termed the "South African fairyland"! Another glorious mountain district is that of the Northern Transvaal, where, round about Graskop, there lies a wonderland of rugged hills, wooded lanes, and flowered dells, with, as outstanding beauty-spots, the North Clewer Gorge and Driekop Gorge, where the view, stretching away to the distant Lebombo Mountains, with Portuguese East Africa beyond, is magnificent.

In striking contrast with South Africa's mountain grandeur are the wide open spaces of the Karroo, that stretch away in a blue haze to the horizon, and the great rolling grass-lands of the Veld, bright green in summer, and their level broken only by some solitary kopje, low ridge, or wooded river-valley. And then, to demonstrate the great fertility, as well as the great diversity of the land, there are the beautiful valleys of Drakenstein, Paarl, and the Hex River, with their rich vineyards and orchards, planted, in part, in the pioneer days, by Huguenot



MOTORING IN SOUTH AFRICA: A SCENE ON THE FINE ROAD WHICH TRAVERSES THE MONTAGU PASS, IN CAPE PROVINCE, NEAR THE TOWN OF GEORGE.

fern-clad glades, and waterfalls. Montaux-Sources, Cathkin Park, where there is almost every variety of scenery; the Tugela Gorge and Falls, and Plowman's Kop are some of the chief scenic centres, but everywhere in the Drakensberg there are views of exceeding beauty. Then there are the mountains of the



A WONDERFUL COASTAL ROAD: A STRETCH OF THE FAMOUS MARINE DRIVE WHICH NEARLY ENCIRCLES THE PENINSULA OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—NEAR CHAPMAN'S PEAK.

Photographs by Courtesy of South African Railways.

coast being much cooler than the east, which is warmed by the current from Mozambique; but, in whatever part of South Africa you may be, the warmth of the day is succeeded by a pleasantly cool night, and the climate of the interior is bracing and health-giving, and free from mist and fog—in particular, that of the Karroo, where the air is extremely clear and dry, and of the High-Veld. Kimberley, on the edge of the Karroo, has a daily sunshine average of nearly 9½ and Johannesburg 9 hours, as compared with the 3½ hours of London and the 6½ hours of New York: this best tells the tale of the warmth and geniality of the South African climate, one which allows life to be lived in the open air to the full, and is ideal alike for the seeker after health, the lover of nature, and the sportsman.

The distinguishing feature of the country is the height and solidity of its great interior plateau, for over 40 per cent. of South Africa is over 4000 ft. above sea-level, and of the remainder, the only part which is below 1500 ft. is the great valley of the Limpopo, in the Northern Transvaal, and a narrow strip along the coast. This elevated plateau is bounded by the Great Escarpment, which runs more or less parallel with the coast for 1400 miles and attains its greatest development between Natal and Basutoland; and here is some of the finest mountain scenery in South Africa—deep, picturesque valleys, which wind their way up to great walls of rock, their tops, in places, weathered into turrets and pinnacles; whilst between huge, flat-topped ramparts, with vertical sides, like those of some gigantic fortress, rise mighty peaks, topping ten thousand feet, with awesome ravines at their base. This is the region of the Drakensberg, which has been made a National Park, and which is certainly one of the world's finest playgrounds, where one may climb and wander and explore at will, and where, apart from the grandeur



MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN THE DRAKENSBERG, IN NATAL: "DEEP, PICTURESQUE VALLEYS, WHICH WIND THEIR WAY UP TO GREAT WALLS OF ROCK . . . WHILST, BETWEEN HUGE, FLAT-TOPPED RAMPARTS RISE MIGHTY PEAKS."



DRAMATIC SCENERY ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE PENINSULA: THE VIEW ACROSS HOUT BAY FROM CHAPMAN'S PEAK TOWARDS THE HIGH POINT KNOWN AS "THE SENTINEL."

refugees from France, and the tropical profusion of the vegetation in Southern Natal, where palms dot the landscape freely, bananas and the luscious pawpaw thrive, and, in blossom time, the feathery plumes of miles upon miles of sugar-cane wave on the summer breeze.

As rich in scenic charm as any other part of this rare land for travel is South Africa's sea-coast. Headlands of lofty cliffs, with precipitous sides, and against the rocky bases of which huge rollers lash themselves into foam, alternate with sandy bays, backed by gradually rising land, along the coast of the Cape Province; and Natal is graced with a palm-fringed foreshore, of gently shelving beaches and mirror-like lagoons, with here and there a river with luxuriantly-wooded banks breaking through to the sea and adding its beauty to the scene. From Cape Town a hundred-mile mountain marine-drive skirts the sea nearly around the historic Cape of Good Hope, and one is able to contrast the wild grandeur of the Atlantic coast with the less rugged, but as beautiful, coastline of the Indian Ocean.

One of the crowning joys in the Cape Peninsula is its richness in wild flowers. In an area smaller than the Isle of Wight one finds two hundred more varieties than in the whole of England, and the mountain slopes of the western Cape Province are wonderfully rich in many varieties of heath and flower. For the botanist, South Africa, with its greatly varying forms of plant life, is a treasure-ground. Its fauna must prove extremely attractive to every visitor, for it has so many birds of brilliant plumage, outstanding among them the orange-breasted malachite sunbird and the beautiful emerald cuckoo, the curious secretary bird, and the ostrich; whilst its richness in forms of animal life unknown in Europe—the lion, leopard, elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, zebra, giraffe, ant-eater, ant-bear, wart-hog, hyæna, civet, chimpanzee, and a great variety of antelopes, the wildebeest, eland,

springbuck and blue buck, to mention a few—renders a visit to the Kruger National Park, in the Northern Transvaal, where, in a tract of country 8000 miles in area, specimens of most of the wild animals of the country are preserved in their natural state, one of transcendent interest. The Park is closed from the end of October until the beginning of May, but one area of it, Pretorius Kop, may be visited, by day, during the rest of the year.

The glimpses of native life one may gain during a tour through South Africa are varied and instructive. There are the Basutos, Bechuanas, Fingoes, Matabeles, Mashonas, and the Zulus, all of Bantu (Negro) blood, who came south from East and Central Africa a few hundred years since and drove out the Hottentots and the Bushmen, the original inhabitants of the land, into obscure parts. The Zulus, men and women, have a fine appearance, at their best, and their dwellings, known as kraals, fit very picturesquely into the countryside. Then there are the Griquas, descended from ancestors of mixed Dutch and Hottentot blood, and Damaras, Hereros, and Ovamboes, in South-West Africa; but of all the natives of South Africa, the Bushmen—little yellow men, with small flat heads, on which the hair is rolled up into tiny knots, very broad noses, bulging foreheads, and narrow, slightly oblique eyes—are the most interesting; for, still nomads, they are one of the most primitive of the world's races, and their ancestors have left behind, in the caves and rock-shelters of the country they once used, remarkable wall-paintings, akin to those of the prehistoric period in Spain. Indeed, they provide such a parallel to the Spanish paintings that we are justified in using them to amplify our knowledge of that early form of European culture known as the Capsian.

And just as in this respect South Africa provides us with a remarkable link with the past, so also it enables us to realise the very modern romance of gold-mining on the Rand, greatest of the gold-fields in the world, from which twelve hundred million pounds'-worth of gold has been taken already, and which continues to yield more than half the world's supply of gold. The chain of mines extends for more than sixty miles, and shafts follow the precious

In Cape Town, the fine old moated Castle still stands which was erected by Governor Wagenaar, who followed the founder of the settlement, van Riebeeck—the "cornerstone of South African history"—and which has a noble entrance—the Van der Stel Gateway; here, too, is the old Town House, dating from 1755, in which the Burgher Senate used to deliberate, and which now houses the Michaelis collection of Flemish and Dutch paintings. Riebeeck Square, built on the site of the old Slave Market, commemorates the first Governor; in Koopmans-De Wet

discovered it on Christmas Day 1497; and Salisbury Island, in Durban Bay, recalls the fact that the brig *Salisbury*, from Cape Town, took to Durban the founder of the settlement, Lieutenant Farewell, of the Marines, who secured the cession of a 25-mile strip of coast from Chaka, the great Zulu chief. Pietermaritzburg marks the spot where Piet Retief and Gert Maritz, two of the Voortrekkers of the Great Trek, outspanned and made their camp, Retief later being foully murdered by the Zulu chieftain Dingaan, who was afterwards defeated by Pretorius, the Voortrekkers' leader, and whose son, Martinus Pretorius, founded Pretoria. Port Elizabeth has a campanile which commemorates the landing there in 1820 of a party of over four thousand British settlers. Harrismith is named after Colonel Sir Harry Smith, a veteran of the Peninsular War, who rode from Cape Town to Grahamstown, 600 miles, in six days, to organise the border defences there against the Kaffirs—at Grahamstown the ruins of the old fort are still to be seen—and Ladysmith, of siege fame, derived its name from the lovely Spanish wife of the gallant Sir Harry Smith.

In the domain of sport, South Africa has attractions which will vie with those of any country. It has big game shooting, excellent trout-fishing, with deep-sea angling for such sporting fish as rock salmon, mussel-cracker, king-fish, barracouta, eagle ray, and various kinds of shark;

mountaineering, golf—to the extent of some 250 courses—motoring over roads which are of a high standard in the Cape Province and the Orange Free State, and in Natal, on trunk roads, and fair in the Transvaal, but which vary considerably elsewhere, and bathing at numbers of delightful resorts within easy reach of Cape Town, such as Green Point and Sea Point, Camp's Bay, Clifton, Lakeside, St. James and Kalk Bay, Fish Hoek, Simonstown, the Strand, and Muizenberg, and, further along the south-eastern coast,



A LOVELY SCENE ON THE COAST OF NATAL: THE MOUTH OF THE UMZINKULU RIVER, AT PORT SHEPSTONE.



ONE OF THE MANY ATTRACTIVE SEASIDE RESORTS IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE WILDERNESS; OUTSTANDING AMONG THE SERIES OF BEAUTY SPOTS WHICH FRINGES THE SOUTHERN COAST.

reef 8500 ft. below the ground on which Johannesburg, 6000 ft. above sea-level, is built, or a mile and a half down—the deepest level to which man has ever delved! And at Kimberley you can see the famous "blue ground" in which lie the world's richest gems, and the "Big Hole" of the De Beers mines, from which so many diamonds have been won.

Far north, in Rhodesia, romance is strangely interwoven into the mining of gold, for there, in the neighbourhood of Zimbabwe, are the workings of ancient mines which must once have yielded quantities of the precious metal, so the experts say. What race lived in or used the tower-like buildings of which the massive ruins remain to-day, no one has discovered, though conjecture has been rife; but for all who in their young days read the romance of "King Solomon's Mines," this region will ever hold a thrill, and recall the memory of him who cast over it a spell of mystery deeper, perhaps, than it deserves. Westwards from Zimbabwe lie the Matopo Hills, among which the great founder of Rhodesia lies buried; there, too, lie the remains of Major Alan Wilson, and the brave men who, with him, made their last stand—at the battle of the Shangani River—against Matabele hordes; and not far off is Bulawayo, created by Rhodes, and beyond that, in turn, the town of Livingstone, and, near by, the magnificent Victoria Falls, which the noble Livingstone first made known to the world.

South Africa is rich in historical associations, and in relics of the old pioneer days.

year 1486, he landed at Luderitz, on his memorable voyage to and round the Cape of Good Hope; and out at Constantia and Tokai, and at Paarl and Stellenbosch, are the thatched and gabled homesteads of several of South Africa's early settlers.

Vasco da Gama gave its name to Natal, because he

House, in Strand Street, furniture, glass, and brassware of the early settler period are to be seen; and in Cape Town Museum are the remains of the iron cross which was set up by Bartholomew Diaz when, in the



IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK—THE GREAT SOUTH AFRICAN ANIMAL SANCTUARY: GRACEFUL IMPALA, A SPECIES OF ANTELOPE.

at Hermanus, Mossel Bay, the Wilderness, Humewood (Port Elizabeth), Port Alfred, East London, and Port St. John's; whilst the splendid bathing resorts of the Natal coast, foremost among which is that of Durban, include Doonside, Warner Beach, Karridene, Umgababa, Umkomaas, Scottburgh, Sunning Beach, Southport, and Port Shepstone. The bathing at most of these is from gently shelving sandy beaches, in warm, clear water; in some places in a smooth sea, in others in surf, which gives the surf-board rider the opportunity for enjoying this invigorating pastime to the full.

There are also many charming river resorts inland, with specially prepared bathing-pools, among which one may mention Parys-on-the-Vaal, Kroonstad, on the Valsch River; Mazelspoort, near Bloemfontein; Frankfort, on the Wilge, easily reached from Johannesburg by train; Potchefstroom, on the Mooi; and Schoemansville, on the shores of Lake Hartesbeestpoort, is an inland Riviera.

Lastly, South Africa is fortunate in possessing warm medicinal springs in various parts of the country, some of which have been developed as spas. The oldest of these are the hot springs at Caledon and Montagu, known for their curative properties to officers of the old East India Company. Warmbaths, on the main Cape to Cairo road, 63 miles north of Pretoria, and which owes its existence to President Kruger, has thermal alkaline springs, which are claimed to be radio-active, and particularly beneficial in cases of rheumatic complaints, whilst its famous mud baths are the only ones of their kind in South Africa.



ZULU LIFE: A LADY'S COIFFURE RECEIVES ATTENTION, WHILE SHE NURSES HER BABY, OUTSIDE A KRAAL IN NATAL.

Photographs by Courtesy of South African Railways.

To South Africa by the shortest route



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HOW TO GET TO SOUTH AFRICA— THE ROMANCE OF THE CAPE ROUTE.

NO route can be more romantic than that which leads from these shores, across the Bay of Biscay, past Madeira and the Canaries—the Fortunate Isles of the ancients—past the Guinea Coast, lone Ascension Isle, and St. Helena, with its memories of the great Emperor in exile—to the Cape of Good Hope, and its prosperous port of Cape Town, the first and chief port of call for the visitor to South Africa; for this is the track of those hardy and daring Portuguese navigators who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope, discovered the trade route to the East, and brought back therefrom rich cargoes of spices and silks and sandal-wood, and thrilled all Europe with their tales of strange peoples and their curious customs. Prince Henry the Navigator, of Portugal, who was, every Englishman loves to remember, the son of Philippa, daughter of "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," believing in the theory of Ptolemy, that Africa was a vast continent which extended eastward around the Indian Ocean, and anxious to win a share of the extremely valuable Eastern trade for Portugal from Venice, Pisa, and Genoa, who then held a monopoly of it, devoted his life to the study of science, geography especially, gathered around him the ablest navigators of the day, and from time to time sent some of them southwards from Portugal into the Atlantic, to test the theories he had formed.

Earliest of these mariners was John de Trasto, who, in 1415, the year of Agincourt, reached the Grand Canary; then, in 1418, John Zarco and Tristram Vaz discovered Madeira; and in 1431 Cabral explored the Azores; but the waters of the African coast frightened these early Portuguese navigators, especially the waters near Cape Bojador, with their fierce tide-rip, off the long reef. Some feared that if they went on they would incur the Divine wrath and be turned into black men, and they gave credence to a yarn that, beyond Bojador, there was a torrid zone where the sun's rays came down in sheets of liquid flame! However, in 1434, Gil Eannes, in one of

with three caravels, to follow the African coast around the southern end, happen what might. He passed Cape Cross, the furthest point south reached by Diogo Cam, went on, landed at Luderitz Bay, where he set up a cross, and sailed further southwards, passing the Cape of Good Hope at night, and so missing it; and eventually struck land at Mossel Bay, and sailed on past Algoa Bay, as far north as the mouth of the Great Fish River, half-way between Port Elizabeth and East London. Diaz found his officers and men unwilling to go further, and so he put about, on his way back sighting the Cape and calling it "Stormy Cape," and sailed home to Portugal, there to meet with one Christopher Columbus, who talked to him about a certain expedition to the East he was preparing to make—by sailing westward from Spain!

Diaz and his men, greeted as



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REPRESENTATIVE OF A FAMOUS LINK BETWEEN SOUTH AFRICA AND THE OLD COUNTRY: A SPLENDID UNION-CASTLE LINER—THE R.M.V. "WINCHESTER CASTLE."—[Photograph by Courtesy of the Union-Castle Line.]



THE EFFICIENT ITALIAN EXPRESS SERVICE TO SOUTH AFRICA: THE "DUILIO," A WELL-APPOINTED VESSEL OF 24,000 TONS, BELONGING TO THE ITALIAN LINE.

Prince Henry's ships, doubled Cape Bojador, and found that it was quite easy to sail over the waters beyond, and this accomplished, four years later the Portuguese had nearly reached Cape Blanco. Trouble in Portugal arrested the progress of African exploration for some years now, but in the year 1445 Diniz Diaz and others reached the Senegal, and Diaz rounded Cape Verde; whilst, in 1455-56, Cadamosto explored the Senegal and the Gambia rivers, and discovered the Cape Verde Islands; and four years later Prince Henry died.

The good work he had started was carried on, however, by King John II. of Portugal, and in the year 1471 Santarem and Escobar, two Portuguese captains, crossed the Equator, and for the first time on record since the days of Pharaoh Niku civilised man had entered the region where the sun is seen at the north of the zenith. This marked a new stage in the progress of the discovery of the route to the Cape. In 1484, Diogo Cam sailed as far as the Congo; and the next year a thousand miles further south and then, in 1486, King John sent Bartholomew Diaz,

heroes in Portugal, had paved the way for Vasco da Gama, who set sail on July 9, 1497—one of the pilots of Diaz, Pedro d'Alembert, being with the fleet—and, after grave dangers, not the least an attempted mutiny of several of the officers and men, da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, sailed along the coast of East Africa as far as Malindi, from there crossed the Indian Ocean, and cast anchor at Calicut on May 14, 1498—thus starting the trade which was to enrich, first Portugal, then Holland and our own country, indirectly to be the means of building up a great white nation in South Africa, and to make the Cape route one of the most frequented of the great sea highways of the world. Although it is no longer the trade route to the East, except for an occasional sailing-ship, the Cape route is the main highway to South Africa, the shortest route from

a tonnage each of over 20,000 tons, and become the great transport link between the Mother Country and the nations of the South African Commonwealth. The voyage to South Africa in the old days was no light undertaking; to-day it is one fraught with pleasure from its commencement to its finish, for the latest Union-Castle liners mark the most recent development in luxurious travel. Three and a-half days after leaving Southampton, grey skies and cold winds are left behind, and a call is made at the lovely Isle of Madeira, and then you have thirteen days of sailing in sunny seas, a fair-weather voyage all the way, and with sports and entertainments of all kinds to help you to pass the time pleasantly until your ship reaches Cape Town, at the foot of the giant Table Mountain, which stands sentinel over what the great Drake once described as "the fairest Cape in the whole circumference of the earth."

The regular service of the Union-Castle Royal Mail Line to Cape Town and back is a weekly one, and in connection with this, special Christmas and New Year tours to South African ports, with greatly reduced fares, have been arranged, leaving Southampton on the following dates: Nov. 30, by the *Carnarvon Castle* (20,963 tons); Dec. 28, by the *Arundel Castle* (19,029 tons); Jan. 11, by the *Windsor Castle* (18,973 tons); and Feb. 1, by the *Carnarvon Castle*. The ports at which calls will be made are Madeira, Cape Town, Algoa Bay, East London, and Durban, and passengers may return by the same vessel, or by the one leaving South African ports a week later.

The Union-Castle Line are also giving travellers a remarkable opportunity of seeing the vast continent of Africa during the coming winter season. Two round-Africa tours have been arranged, one leaving Southampton in December and the other in January, with calls at more than twenty ports; whilst passengers may remain on the ship the whole of the time if they wish, thus avoiding hotel expenses. The December tour is via the Mediterranean outwards, and the West Coast of Africa homewards; and the January tour reverses this route. The liners making these trips are the *Llangibby Castle* (11,951 tons) and the *Llanstephan Castle* (11,299 tons).

Another feature of the Union-Castle Line service this winter is Christmas tours to Madeira, that very popular winter resort, with magnificent scenery and ideal climate, and great attractions in the way of sport. A special first-class return fare is available by the *Winchester Castle* (20,109 tons), leaving Southampton on Dec. 14, and by the *Armada Castle* (12,999 tons), leaving on Dec. 21. The tickets are available for return from Madeira by the *Kenilworth Castle*, Dec. 20, the *Windsor Castle*, Dec. 27, the



AT CAPE TOWN, OUT FROM ENGLAND: THE ARRIVAL OF A UNION-CASTLE LINER. Photograph by Courtesy of the Union-Castle Line.

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Continued from Page 720.]

Warwick Castle, Jan. 3, the Balmoral Castle, Jan. 10, and the Carnarvon Castle, Jan. 17.

New travel lanes are always welcome, and the latest of these is provided by the Java-Mauritius-Africa Line of the K.P.M., or Royal Packet Navigation Company, which

"Italia" Company have organised special winter season trips for tourists at special reduced fares, which enable them to travel by the *Duilio* on Dec. 6 and Feb. 5 next, or by the *Giulio Cesare* on Jan. 8; and to make the return journey by the same steamer, or by the next following, thus allowing passengers a stay in South Africa of from two to six weeks. The attraction of this service is the opportunity it affords both passengers from this country and those who travel by it from South Africa, of seeing something of Italy's beautiful scenery, and her masterpieces of art, whilst enjoying a winter climate which in most parts of the country is delightful. Travel in Italy nowadays is so well organised that you can be perfectly certain of securing whatever room you have booked, and of obtaining good service and cuisine at a moderate price. Moreover, there is a reduction on the Italian State Railways of from 50 to 70 per cent. on express and ordinary trains, and motorists will find the main Italian motor-roads some of the best in the world.

The British India Steam Navigation Company's African service is one which has been in operation for a great number of years, and has reached a high state of efficiency. It has three distinct branches—a line from London to South Africa, with a monthly service, by way of Mediterranean ports, the Suez Canal, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa, Tanga, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and Beira, transferring at the last port into a Bombay service steamer for Lourenço Marques and Durban; a line from Bombay, under mail contract, with fortnightly sailings to Durban, via the Seychelles, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Mozambique, and Beira (some of these ports being served monthly only); and feeder lines along the East African coast, one operating from Beira and serving Lourenço Marques, Inhambane, Quelimane, Chinde, Angoche, Mozambique, and Port Amelia, and the other operating from Mombasa and serving Tanga, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Lindi, Ibo, Mikindani, Ruvu Bay, and Kilwa. Two voyages are usually made in each

the Njassa, Nov. 24, the Usambara, Dec. 15, and the Wangoni, Dec. 22.

Another line with a regular service to South Africa is that of Ellerman and Bucknall, which has three vessels, the *City of Hong Kong*, *City of Exeter*, and the *City of Nagpur*, on the run from London to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, and Lourenço Marques, calling en route at Madeira. Sailings are monthly, and round-voyage tickets are issued which allow passengers to break their journey at Cape Town and rejoin at Durban. It may be noted here that tours of varying length have been arranged by the Travel and Tourist Branch of the South African Railways and Harbours, for the benefit of passengers arriving by the vessels of the above-mentioned or any other



AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER IN FLIGHT: THE "SCYLLA," ONE OF THE MACHINES WHICH COVER THE LONDON-TO-PARIS STRETCH, ON THE AIR-ROUTE TO SOUTH AFRICA.

maintains such an efficient service of steamers throughout the Netherlands East Indies, and between there and Hong Kong and the Philippines, and with Australia. The Java-Mauritius-Africa Line ("Jamal") links up with the Union-Castle service, and makes it possible for travellers from Australia to South Africa to journey by way of the attractive Dutch East Indian islands—Java and Bali—and it also enables travellers from this country to South Africa by the Union-Castle Line to make a very agreeable and out-of-the-way homeward journey by way of Durban, Tamatave (Madagascar), Reunion, Mauritius, Rodriguez, and Batavia, at the last port transferring to one of the fine Nederland Royal Mail liners for Southampton, by way of Colombo, Port Said, and Mediterranean ports. The sailings are monthly, and there is also a monthly service by the same line from Batavia to Durban, by way of Rodriguez and Mauritius, returning from Durban, via Lourenço Marques, Beira, Mozambique, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, Tanga, Mombasa, Mahé (Seychelles), and Singapore. Special return tickets for either journey are issued from South African ports.

Another very fine service to South Africa, by the Cape route, is that of the Italian Line, which operates from Genoa, with Marseilles, Gibraltar, Dakar, Cape Town, Durban, East London, and Port Elizabeth as ports of call. The vessels employed are the two new liners, *Giulio Cesare* (22,000 tons) and the *Duilio* (24,000 tons), both luxuriously appointed, and they perform the journey in sixteen days from Genoa, and fifteen and a half from Marseilles. Sailings are monthly, and the



TO SOUTH AFRICA IN NINE DAYS—BY AIR: A VIEW FROM AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MACHINE AS IT PASSED OVER A HERD OF ELEPHANTS IN THE SOUTHERN SUDAN.

Photograph by Courtesy of Imperial Airways.

direction each month. The London-East Africa service is maintained by the steamers *Matiana*, *Mantola*, *Malda*, and *Madura*, all of about 9000 tons. First-class excursion tickets are issued for the round journey to East and South Africa, available for a period of three months.

German African lines are a combination of the Woerman-Linie, Deutsche Ost-Afrika-Linie, Hamburg-Amerika Linie, and the Hamburg-Bremen-Afrika-Linie, with a fleet of ten vessels, ranging between 7800 and 9500 tons, on the South-West and East African services. There is a monthly fast service from Southampton to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, Lourenço Marques, and Beira, by way of Las Palmas, sometimes calling at Walvis Bay and Luderitz Bay, which takes about seventeen to nineteen days; a western route around-Africa service, with monthly sailings from Southampton, and the following ports of call: Las Palmas, Freetown, Grand Bassam, Takoradi, Accra, Cotonou, Lagos, Duala, Pointe Noire, Luanda, Lobito, Walvis Bay, Luderitz Bay, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, Lourenço Marques, Beira, Mozambique, Port Amelia, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, Tanga, Mombasa, Aden, Djibouti, Port Sudan, Suez, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Palma, Malaga, Ceuta, Cadiz, and Lisbon, and which averages from eleven to twelve weeks; and an eastern route around-Africa service, which reverses the ports of call mentioned and occupies about the same period of time. Round tickets are issued for these voyages, and special winter tours to South African ports are arranged which enable passengers to spend some time in South Africa and return by a later steamer, the outward steamers for these trips being



FLYING TO SOUTH AFRICA: AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE FAMOUS MURCHISON FALLS, IN UGANDA, FROM AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MACHINE.

Photograph by Courtesy of Imperial Airways.

steamship lines to South Africa, at such ports as Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, and Lourenço Marques, and some are so arranged that passengers can land at one of these ports and return by the same vessel from another, whilst there are longer tours for those who have more time at their disposal.

A novel method of travel to South Africa is by the Imperial Airways' Africa service, which starts from Croydon Air Port at 12.30 every Wednesday (Airway Terminus, London, 11.45), and arrives at Cape Town on the afternoon of the Friday of the following week, a journey of approximately a little over nine days. The route followed is Paris, Brindisi, Athens, Alexandria, Cairo, Wadi Halfa, Khartoum, Juba, Entebbe (Uganda), Nairobi (Kenya), Dodoma (Tanganyika), Mbeya, Broken Hill (Northern Rhodesia), Salisbury (Southern Rhodesia), Bulawayo, Johannesburg, and Kimberley, and intermediate calls may be made at Assiut, Assuan, and Luxor, in Egypt; Kosti and Malakal (Sudan), Kisumu (Kenya), Moshi (Tanganyika), Mpika (Northern Rhodesia), Pietersburg (Transvaal), and Victoria West (Cape Province).

An air-liner of the *Scylla* class is used for the journey from London to Paris. A *Scipio* class flying-boat takes one across the Mediterranean; a *Hannibal* air-liner does the Cairo-Kisumu stretch, and an *Atalanta* operates between Kisumu and Cape Town. You sleep on land each night in a modern hotel or rest house, and the whole journey is one of comfort and without strain. The fascination of the journey is seeing things you have seen before from a vastly different angle, and enjoying the wonderful scenery of Egypt, the Sudan, East Africa, Tanganyika, Rhodesia, and South Africa—ancient temples, the Nile, big game, Victoria Nyanza, Kilimanjaro, and the Victoria Falls, instead of miles and miles of water. The Cairo-to-Cape Town air route is becoming more and more popular, and no wonder.

The growth of the winter tourist traffic to South Africa has been fully anticipated by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, who have made very thorough preparations to deal with it—through their offices in Cape Town, Durban, Johannesburg, and their agents in many other parts of South Africa. In addition to booking passages to South Africa by steamship and by air, they look after shipping and insuring passengers' baggage and other goods; and they issue tickets, also, on all the South African Railway lines. Cook's representatives meet all the principal steamers, all kinds of sightseeing tours are arranged by this well-known travel agency, and their special programme of inclusive tours in South Africa, which may be had on application at any of their offices, gives a comprehensive idea of the best manner in which to see South Africa.



A LINK BETWEEN SOUTH AFRICA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN PORTS: ZULUS PHOTOGRAPHED AT DURBAN BESIDE AN ITALIAN LINER, THE "DUILIO," WHICH SAILS FROM MARSEILLES AND GENOA.



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SIGHT-SEEING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By A. C. GRANDISON.

"THOSE thoughts and feelings which are not sharply defined but have a haze of distance about them are always the dearest," writes that famous author and lover of nature, John Richard Jefferies; and, if for no other reason than for the beautiful memories which linger in the mind of the wanderer returned to his normal life in his home country, travel far afield assuredly makes great appeal. "A haze of distance" could have been applied to South Africa at one time, but now it is within the reach of many would-be travellers, and offers with both hands a rich abundance of sunshine, scenery, and sport—appealing to invalid, nature-lover, and sportsman alike.

As one approaches the Cape of Good Hope and sees Cape Town set at the foot of the formidable range of mountains, reigning with impartial serenity over the two oceans clamouring at her feet, one is reminded of the quiet spirit of determination shown by the white man in conquering what has long ceased to be called "the Dark Continent" and profiting by the many prizes it offers. Cape Town still retains much of the old-time atmosphere of respectability,

which there is an open-air salt-water swimming-bath; sundry tennis-courts and bowling-greens; and a band-stand. The residential suburbs of the town are particularly pleasant, and many luxurious homes are to be seen along the flamboyant lined roads. If one penetrates a little into the hinterland, the Valley of a Thousand Hills is soon reached, and here, in the folds of the hills, lie the reserves of the Zulus, which one may visit and study domestic native life in all its simplicity. Still a little further inland and Pietermaritzburg is reached—the capital of Natal Province and stronghold of the Dutch settlers.

The train journey from Lourenço Marques to Johannesburg is through most pictur-

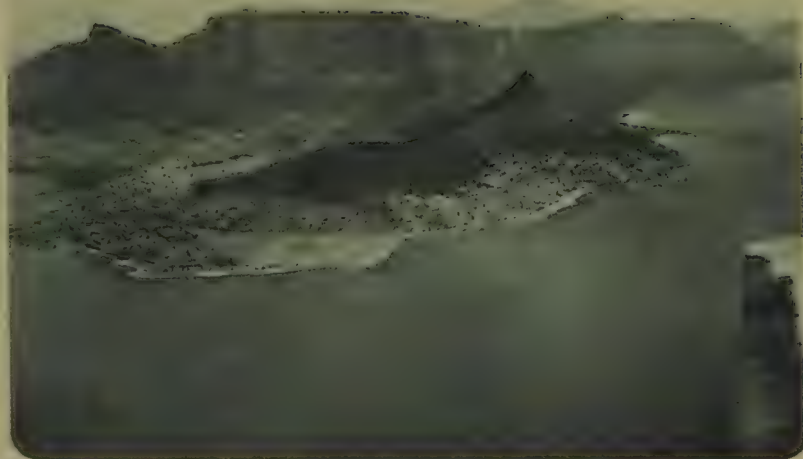
esque country, especially the miles passed in skirting the Crocodile River, which swirls and tumbles its way between high hills. Eventually, after some hours, the mine dumps are sighted, and soon we are steaming into Johannesburg—the wonder city of South Africa—a city of incomprehensible progress, having developed, within forty-odd years, from a collection of miners' shacks to almost the last word in modernity. Here all is bustle and excitement, for the inevitable gambling spirit is abroad—and huge fortunes are won and lost on the gold exchange. And underneath the very heart of the busy thoroughfares is another world—of long, winding labyrinths, bank and hot, where black

strewn veldt on roads whose surfaces an Englishman would view with some trepidation, having visions of lost nuts and bolts, and probably broken axles, but to which the sturdy Rhodesian is quite accustomed. However, the view from the Acropolis at Zimbabwe is more than enough to compensate the traveller for any discomfort he may experience—and the mysterious ruins, whose origin is so controversial, are so wonderful in structure and design, considering the inaccessibility of their setting, that they should not be missed on any account.

But to see Nature in her most lavish mood one must go on to the world-famous Falls. Mercifully, man has not tried to improve upon this masterpiece, and the Falls have been left unspoiled in all their glorious majesty and beauty. Only those who have actually seen that stupendous cascade, over a mile in width, thundering over a sheer drop of four hundred feet into a narrow ravine below, with the riotous tangle of creeper-hung trees, bushes, and jungle-growth stretching as far as the eye can see, can realise the awe with which Livingstone must have been filled on first sighting "The Smoke That Thunders." All

around the paths worn by the feet of visitors flit the beautifully-coloured butterflies, tantalising to the natural historian, for they may not be caught, nor may the flowers be picked, so that all may share in the natural beauties.

And so Sunny South Africa, approached by the appropriately-named Cape of Good Hope, and left by way of the glorious Falls, is a country which lures one on to search still further through the great continent of Africa, with its ever-changing scenery, but ever-permanent hold on the mind and heart of all who are wise and fortunate enough to have seen—"Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—"



A REMARKABLE AERIAL VIEW OF CAPE TOWN—WITH TABLE MOUNTAIN SEEN IN THE DISTANCE; SEA POINT, A SUBURB LYING AT THE FOOT OF SIGNAL HILL; AND LION'S HILL IN THE FOREGROUND.

Photograph by the Cape Peninsula Publicity Association.



A ZULU RESERVE: KRAALS CLUSTERED IN THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS, NOT FAR FROM PIETERMARITZBURG.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Union-Castle Line.

and culture; and it offers many points of interest to the historically-minded: for instance, the Castle, the building of which was begun in 1666; and the Post Office stones under which early seafarers placed their letters for collection by homeward-bound ships. There is also an excellent little museum in one of the old houses to which the slave quarters were attached, and here one may see the early Dutch furniture, china, and so forth used in the days gone by. A cable way has recently been constructed for conveying visitors to the summit of Table Mountain, and from there may be seen a wonderful panorama of the peninsula. On Table Mountain grow many beautiful wild flowers and heaths, some of which are gathered and sold in the streets of the city.

Not far distant are many delightful little bays, the favourite haunts of picnic parties; also more sophisticated resorts, such as Muizenberg (famed for surf-bathing), St. James, and so on, which are well served by the local train service. A visit to the Rhodes Memorial, and to Groote Schuur, if it is open, should not be missed; and by motoring along the premier marine drive of the world, by which one almost encircles the entire peninsula, one experiences scenic joys to be remembered; and in many places, as at Chapman's Peak, where the road is cut through the cliff face, it is a masterpiece of engineering.

If time allows, one should travel to Port Elizabeth by road, through George, Wilderness, and Knysna—"the Garden Route." The road is good, and there are grand views of mountain and sea scapes. Port Elizabeth is a rising seaside resort, possessing bathing amenities and two excellent golf-courses. It was the landing-place of the early 1820 settlers, and retains many interesting relics of those days. Here, it must be remembered, are the far-famed Snake Park and the Fitzsimmons Institute, where invaluable research work in connection with snake-bites and their antidote is carried on. Within reach are the towns of Uitenhage, Grahamstown, and Port Alfred. Grahamstown is a city which strikes one as being very English. It lies rather in a hollow, the surrounding hills being well wooded; and the presence of the University and Cathedral all contribute to the Anglican atmosphere.

Durban is another most attractive seaside town, with an all-the-year-round season. It is well served with excellent shops; a splendid promenade, on



KING SOLOMON'S MINES?—A VIEW OF THE REMAINS AT ZIMBABWE, THE MYSTERIOUS RUINS IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA.—[Photograph by Mrs. A. K. Grandison.]

and white together seek to wrest the earth's treasures from her reluctant grasp.

It is but an hour's drive to Pretoria, where you may see the stately Union Buildings set on the side of a neighbouring kopje which overlooks the town. Before them lie their terraced gardens, ablaze with beautiful flowers and gently sloping down the hillside to the valley below. There is a striking statue of Paul Kruger in the town; and the house which was his home stands at the side of one of the main streets.

In contrast to Johannesburg, let us pass into Rhodesia—to visit the wonderful Victoria Falls, staying en route at Bulawayo, an appealing little township, with many reminders of its early pioneer days in evidence, from which excursions to the Matopos and Zimbabwe may be made. The latter trip entails many miles of motoring over the granite-



THE VICTORIA FALLS: A STRIKING VIEW OF THE MAIN FALL AT THE FAMOUS SOUTHERN RHODESIAN SCENIC WONDER.

Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.



A CITY ON WHICH GREAT SUMS OF MONEY HAVE RECENTLY BEEN SPENT IN IMPROVEMENTS: A WELL LAID-OUT STREET IN THE BUSINESS QUARTER OF LOURENÇO MARQUES.

AN added charm to a tour in South Africa is a visit to Lourenço Marques, a city by the sea, laid out very attractively, in a style which resembles the most fashionable of the watering-places of Southern Europe, with a wealth of vegetation, largely sub-tropical, and with splendid facilities for sport and amusement. This handsome capital of Portuguese East Africa, or, as it is sometimes styled, Mozambique, lies on the north bank of the Espirito Santo, or English River, and on the shore of Delagoa Bay, and it owes its prosperity very largely to the fact that it is the most convenient port for the Transvaal and the gold-mines of the Rand. Its natural harbour is one of the finest on the coast of South Africa,



THE AMENITIES OF LOURENÇO MARQUES, A NOTABLE WINTER RESORT: A SCENE IN THE BEAUTIFUL VASCO DA GAMA GARDENS.

and the sum of six million sterling spent in improving it within recent years has made the port completely modern in equipment and lay-out. It has a wharf which will allow a dozen steamers of average size to berth at the same time and to unload without congestion; electric cranes, and mobile petrol-driven ones, deal with the cargo, and there are large coaling plants, with a capacity which far surpasses existing needs. A frequent railway service connects with the Komati Poort station of the South African Railways' system, which gives speedy access to the Transvaal and other parts of the South African Union, and enables the large fruit traffic with the Transvaal and that of the Colony to be handled very expeditiously.

The city is one of imposing public and mercantile buildings, with delightful homes, especially in the charming suburb of Polana, set in the midst of spacious gardens, many built after a very pleasing Portuguese style of architecture; and the few narrow streets of the old town, with their historical associations, serve to emphasise the modernity of the new, with its many fine tree-lined avenues, boulevards, where one can take the air and observe a very pleasing aspect of the life of the city in comfort. Finest of these is the beautiful Avenida Aguiar, the connecting link between the heart of the commercial quarter below and the garden suburbs on an eminence above the town. Lovely shade-trees here tone down the brilliance of the sun; beneath them, along the two central foot-ways, are seats for the pedestrian; and the effect of strong light and deep shade is very striking.

Near the copper-domed railway station, with its picturesque approach, is the narrow Rua Consiglieri Pedros,

fern-like foliage of the jacaranda trees, one may sit and take refreshments in the Continental fashion, discuss the topics of the day, and note the peculiarly cosmopolitan composition of the people passing by—from the sun-helmeted hunter just returned from a big-game expedition up-country, the sailor ashore from his ship, the uniformed officer, the business man in cool white drill suit, and the lady of fashion, wearing the latest Parisian gown; to the red-fezzed, bare-footed native policeman in knickerbockers, and the representatives of many of the races of East and South Africa, clad in their distinctive styles.

Leading off the Avenida Aguiar are the famous Gardens named after Vasco da Gama, Portugal's great navigator, who, on his epic voyage to the East, discovered the Mozambique coast; what time Delagoa Bay was explored by Antonio de Campo, one of his companions. The Vasco da Gama Gardens are not only very beautiful for their flora, but they are laid out in such a charming manner, with old-world gardens, quaint nooks, ornamental shrubberies, lawns, graceful *parterres*, and lily ponds, crossed by bridges of rustic design, that a visit to them is one of the most enjoyable excursions one can make in Lourenço Marques; and additional attractions to the place are the National Museum, which stands in the grounds, and a small "Zoo."

There are facilities for almost every form of sport in Lourenço Marques. There is good sailing in the Bay, with regattas organised by the Lourenço Marques Yacht Club; tennis courts abound; there is a fine eighteen-hole

LOURENÇO MARQUES—THE GAY CAPITAL OF MOZAMBIQUE.

the chief shopping thoroughfare, and at the end of this is the Praça Sete de Março—the Square of the Seventh of March. This is the social rendezvous of Lourenço Marques, and an exceedingly attractive spot it is—laid out in stone mosaics and planted with flowering trees and shrubs, with a large band-stand in the centre and pavilions at the corners, about which there are small tables and comfortable chairs, where, beneath the

golf course overlooking the sea; fishing is a popular pastime—with 50-lb. rock cod and 400-lb. sharks as possible catches; whilst excellent big-game shooting is to be obtained within easy distance. By the race-course, which has several meetings, is a bull-ring, where, from time to time bull-fights are held; but they are regulated, and provide much excitement, with little danger, and no brutality. As for motoring, good roads lead to many interesting and delightful spots within easy reach of Lourenço Marques. Villa Luiza (Marracuene), twenty-five miles away, on the banks of the Incomati River, is a pretty place for a picnic; there are fine views of the river, and sometimes you may be lucky enough to see a school of hippopotami at play. Namahacha, on the foothills of the Lebombo Mountains, some fifty miles off, where the borders of Swaziland, the Transvaal, and Portuguese East Africa meet, and which has a medicinal spring and a good hotel, is another good place for an outing; whilst visitors who wish to motor through to Swaziland or the Transvaal can do so by a good route, and the Kruger National Park, the great natural "Zoo" of South Africa, is just across the border, and within easy motoring distance of Lourenço Marques.

Hotel accommodation in Lourenço Marques is abundant and extremely good: the Polana is a palatial establishment, where the note is one of absolute luxury. Cinemas and other places of amusement are many: the Scala is one of the finest cinemas in South Africa; but the place of amusement and recreation *par excellence* is the picturesque bathing beach of Polana, on the curve of a magnificent, land-locked bay, admirably sheltered



A WELL-APPOINTED HOLIDAY RESORT WITHIN EASY REACH OF SOUTH AFRICA: THE EIGHTEEN-HOLE GOLF COURSE BY POLANA BEACH, LOURENÇO MARQUES, PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.


from the great rollers of the Indian Ocean, and with a fine scenic background of high, bush-clad headland, which gives shelter from inland winds.

Here there is a bathing enclosure which is an elysium for swimmers, for the beach is gently shelving and sandy, and there is no under-current or back-

wash to spell danger for the unwary, whilst the water is warm, clear, and buoyant. A fine, double-storeyed pavilion, with wide balconies, provides an ideal resting-place for those who wish to lounge in a deck chair and watch the fun; and here, too, light meals and other refreshments can be obtained, a military band plays on occasions, and sometimes dances are held, whilst a striking feature of the beach is its camping-ground, among shady trees, where children and grown-ups spend delightful week-ends in the open air, in surroundings that are charming. A fine motor road from the centre of the city leads to this "paradise," one which has gained for Lourenço Marques the reputation, well deserved, of being one of the leading seaside resorts of South Africa.



UP-TO-DATE COMMUNICATIONS IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA: A STRETCH OF THE FINE MOTOR ROAD WHICH RUNS FROM LOURENÇO MARQUES TO POLANA BEACH, THE SEASIDE PARADISE NEAR THE TOWN.



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CITIES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By RODNEY A. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

SOUTH AFRICA is fortunate in the possession of cities that can rank amongst the most attractive in the British Empire. Johannesburg is not yet 50 years old, but during that time it has grown from a mining camp into a modern metropolis, with a population of over 400,000, and is now permanently established as the commercial centre of the Union. Johannesburg is to-day the largest European city in Africa, and is the seat of the greatest gold-mining industry in the world. In addition, it is the financial and trading centre of the Union, and a cathedral and university city.

Situated nearly 6000 feet above sea-level, Johannesburg enjoys a magnificent climate. The average annual rainfall of 30 inches falls mainly during the summer period. The European health rate compares more than favourably with that of similar cities in any part of the world. The City Council is responsible for all the major services, including the provision of water, light, power, gas, trams, buses, markets, abattoirs, and cold storage. It also maintains an art gallery, over fifty parks and other open spaces, a dozen or more modern swimming-baths, and other communal amenities. The City of Johannesburg is well laid out and possesses fine architectural lines. All the amenities of civilisation are to be found there, including modern hotels, up-to-date transport services, hospitals, nursing homes and clinics, colleges, high and technical schools, research institutes, excellent newspapers, every branch of sports organisation, race-courses, golf links, cinema palaces and theatres, town and country clubs, and so on.

Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa, is some forty miles distant from Johannesburg, and is connected by one of the finest stretches of motor road in the Union. The most striking feature of Pretoria, seen from most parts of the city, is provided by the Union Buildings, the headquarters of the Government of South Africa. The building itself is from the design of Sir Herbert Baker, A.R.A., and it was erected on Meintjes Kop at a cost of close upon £1,250,000. The

it possesses its own police force and its own telephone system distinct from that of the Government.

Cape Town, the legislative capital of the Union, is one of the oldest cities in the British Dominions. It has played

the new development scheme is completed, Durban's land-locked harbour will be one of the finest and best-equipped south of the Equator. Durban is unique among the cities of the Union in that

those months, with their unbroken sequence of golden days and ideal weather conditions, the Cape is a holiday resort of the most varied charms. From January to June, the Union Parliament, in session, heightens the scene of social and official activity.

The residential areas to the south of the city and behind Table Mountain extend over a distance of about twelve miles. The suburbs of Mowbray, Rosebank, Rondebosch, Newlands, Claremont, Kenilworth, and Wynberg are all strikingly beautiful, and are easily accessible by motor-car, omnibus, and electric railway. On the western side of Cape Town, the suburbs of Green Point, Three Anchor Bay, and Sea Point are well served by tram and bus services.

Bloemfontein, the capital city of the Orange Free State, was founded a little more than three-quarters of a century ago by the Voortrekkers, at a period when history was marking a definite turning-point. Thanks to its geographical position as the centre of the Union, it has for some time past been the recognised venue for various conferences, and no less than seven different railway lines meet here. Bloemfontein is also the site of the Court of Appeal for the Union. To-day it is a city of some 53,000 people, and its municipal, social, educational, and commercial development places it in the front rank. Its roads are broad, and trackless trams, not to be seen elsewhere in South Africa, link the suburbs with Hoffman Square, the centre of the city, where lawns surrounded by trees and shrubs make a pleasant resting-place.



ADMINISTRATIVE CAPITAL OF THE UNION: PRETORIA, SEEN FROM MEINTJES KOP; WITH THE IMPOSING UNION BUILDINGS IN THE FOREGROUND.

its part in the early approaches to India and the East, and for 100 years in the development of Southern Africa: to-day it is a great port of call on the world's trade routes, a university city, and the centre of a chain of health



CHIEF PORT OF NATAL AND A FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY RESORT: DURBAN; WITH THE FINE HARBOUR SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

and pleasure resorts stretching from the Atlantic seaboard to the waters of the Indian Ocean. Along the slopes of Table Mountain lie Cape Town's residential areas, in a grand setting of pinewoods, vineyards, and glorious gardens. Founded as far back as 1652, Cape Town to-day has a population of something like 300,000, and an area of sixty square miles. The summer season, commencing in November, continues well into April, and throughout

Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, was founded by the Voortrekkers nearly a century ago. Pietermaritzburg—or Maritzburg, as it is more generally termed—is now a large industrial city of striking buildings and artistic homes, and its suburbs have crept over the inner ring of hills into the verdant valleys beyond. The main railway line from Durban to the north runs through Pietermaritzburg, and several branch lines serving large farming areas converge on the main line. Pietermaritzburg is also traversed by the main motor-road that runs from the Natal seaport to Johannesburg. Distant 71 miles by rail from Durban—its altitude is 2218 feet. The area of the borough is about 43 square miles, and the population totals 42,000.

Port Elizabeth is a busy city and a thriving port on the shores of Algoa Bay. It owes its origin to the band of British settlers who arrived there in the first half of 1820.

Since then it has steadily grown in size and importance. It has a total population of close on 90,000. The port is adjacent to the business centre of the city, and it is a highly important distributing centre for Southern Africa.

East London, at the mouth of the Buffalo River, began as a landing place for troops and military stores in 1847. Since then, the small trading-station has developed into an important port. A big harbour development scheme is reaching completion, and the dock area of Buffalo Harbour now covers 100 acres, whilst the extensive wharves are equipped with the latest and most powerful appliances for the rapid handling of cargo. East London is the chief wool-exporting port in the Union.



THE LARGEST EUROPEAN CITY IN ALL AFRICA: JOHANNESBURG, LOOKING SOUTH FROM BARBICAN HOUSE; WITH THE FAMOUS DUMPS FROM THE GOLD-MINES SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

National War Memorial has since been erected in the centre of the main terrace.

Speaking generally, Pretoria is an ideal residential and educational centre, and ranks among the healthiest cities in the Union. It is about 51 square miles in area, and has a population of 90,000. Nearly all the streets in the city are lined with jacaranda trees, and when they are in flower it becomes a veritable garden. The Premier Diamond Mine, situated twenty-five miles east of Pretoria, is the largest man-made crater in the world, and it was here that the famous Cullinan diamond was found. Some twenty-two miles west of Pretoria is the Hartbeespoort Dam, which serves the largest irrigation scheme yet accomplished in South Africa. The works of the South African Iron and Steel Corporation, recently constructed at a cost of £5,000,000, are situated in Pretoria West, and occupy a site approximately 1000 acres in extent.

On the edge of the Indian Ocean lies Durban, a great seaport and a famous holiday resort, with a total population of 150,000. It has a mellow climate and a vivid colouring. In Congella, Durban possesses an industrial area with thoroughly up-to-date harbour facilities, and a modern grain elevator of large capacity. Here also is the largest graving dock in the southern hemisphere, capable of holding some of the world's biggest vessels, and when



THE LEGISLATIVE CAPITAL OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA AND ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES IN THE EMPIRE: A GENERAL VIEW OF CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN; TAKEN FROM SIGNAL HILL.—[Photographs by Courtesy of South African Railways.]



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SOUTH AFRICA: A LAND WHERE PROSPERITY REIGNS.

By J. A. GRAY, Editor of "South Africa."

hand and ultra-Imperialists on the other; but these elements are fragmentary and serve only to throw into stronger relief the remarkable extent to which, under the leadership of General Hertzog and General Smuts, national unity has been achieved.

The key to South Africa's

by the Government. The value of the gold production rose last year to £66,000,000, or £19,000,000 more than the year before, and of this amount the Government took £6,000,000 in respect of excess profits (calculated on an abstruse mathematical basis that few people can understand), and an indeterminate amount in respect of Income Tax and other levies. The result was that the national Budget showed a surplus of £6,424,000, which enabled the Minister of Finance not only to wipe out his accumulated deficit, but to increase the primary abatement on Income Tax from £300 to £400, grant an additional abatement of 20 per cent. in the amount of the tax, restore the penny post, and make substantial concessions to the taxpayers in other ways. Civil servants, railwaymen, Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, and others in State or provincial employment, whose wages or salaries



IN THE PROSPEROUS GOVERNMENT GOLD-MINING AREAS OF SOUTH AFRICA: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A PLANT; SHOWING CYANIDE TANKS AND CRUSHING-MILLS.—[Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.]

SOUTH AFRICA has some claim to be regarded as the most prosperous country in the world to-day. Certainly in no other land are the signs of recovery so plentiful or so clearly defined. Heavy budget deficits have been transformed into unprecedented surpluses, taxation has been lowered, cuts in wages and salaries have been restored, industrial and commercial life all round has been quickened, and the spending power of the population has increased and is still increasing.

Never before in its history has the Union given more dramatic proof of its resiliency and strength than it has done during the past two years. Its economic and political advance since the end of 1932 has, indeed, been little short of miraculous. On the economic side, inspired and impelled by a factor which will be explained, its progress has been

economic prosperity is unquestionably the "gold premium"—that is to say, the difference in terms of sterling between gold at the old standard price of 85s. an ounce and gold at its present price of approximately 140s. an ounce. For many weary months after Great



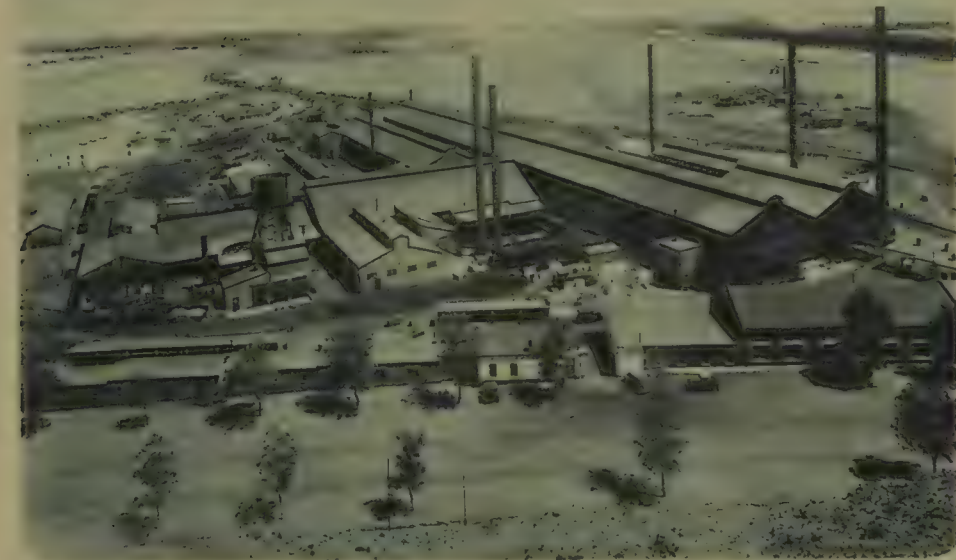
GOLD—THE CAUSE OF SOUTH AFRICA'S WONDERFUL RECOVERY: POURING REFINED METAL AT A RAND REFINERY.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Chamber of Mines, Johannesburg.

Britain had left the Gold Standard, South Africa denied herself the advantage of this extra revenue, but ever since the day when circumstances compelled her to abandon her stubborn attitude of economic independence and "follow sterling," she has reaped the benefit of it in a hundred different ways. Roughly half of

had been cut to meet the emergency, had their emoluments in most cases completely restored. The State Railways, which had been running at a loss, also began to show a profit, and one recent concession which illustrates the happy transformation is that children are now allowed to travel free of charge up to the age of seven, while the limit for half-fare has been raised to sixteen. These are only a few of the recent striking changes which are earning for South Africa the title of a taxpayers' paradise.

On top of these achievements, the Union Government recently found itself in the position of being able to repay, ten years before it was due, the whole of its outstanding war debt of approximately £8,000,000 to Great Britain. In an age when the repayment of international debt has become old-fashioned, the Union's gesture of financial orthodoxy was nothing short of spectacular. It earned the warm appreciation of the British Government and the British taxpayer, and it served to direct attention afresh



STEEL—AN IMPORTANT NEW SOUTH AFRICAN INDUSTRY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS AT VEREENIGING.

Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.

one uninterrupted "quick march" from depression to prosperity; and on the political side, under the joint stress of economic necessity and common sense, the country has enjoyed a transformation which, happily, seems to spell the end of the long reign of bitterness and friction between the two main sections of the European population, British and Dutch, and the dawn of a new era of concord and co-operation.

This political change is so fundamental to the whole situation in South Africa that some account must be taken of it, if for no other reason than that, without it, economic recovery could not possibly have proceeded so far or so smoothly as it has. This "grand pact of union and fusion," as it has been called, between elements that formerly were unrelentingly hostile to one another has reacted on the economic position directly and continuously, producing stability in the Government, stimulating confidence and removing uncertainties in commerce and industry, and supplying, in addition, the maximum administrative encouragement to production on the land, in the mines, and in the factories.

"In a world of racial cleavages," declared General Smuts the other day, "in a world of growing economic nationalism and antagonisms, South Africa is busy closing up her ranks and building an enduring peace." This new peace is not yet absolute. There are still certain divisions, representing particularly ultra-Nationalists on the one

the world's gold supply every year is dug out of the rich fields of the Transvaal, and when it is realised that South Africa's gold production last year amounted to upwards of 11,000,000 ounces, it can readily be understood what the enhanced price of gold means to the country.

It has meant millions more for the industry and millions more for the State, not only in taxation, direct and indirect, but in extra profits from those mines which are worked on leases granted



COAL—WHICH IS MINED CHEAPLY IN SOUTH AFRICA: A COLLIERY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF VRYHEID, NATAL.—[Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.]

to South Africa's remarkable recovery. Beneficent though the effect of the new price of gold has been on the country as a whole, its influence on the gold-mining industry itself has been revolutionary. It is enabling the industry to broaden and strengthen its whole structure. At the old standard price, only the better quality of ore could be crushed and treated at a profit. Thanks to the new price, it now pays to work ore hitherto looked upon as useless, for the reason that it would have cost more to extract the gold from it than the metal it contained was worth. There is more low-grade ore than high-grade ore on the Witwatersrand, and the net result of the "gold premium" is really equivalent to the discovery of a vast new goldfield, for as long as the price of gold remains at anything like its present level, so long will it continue to be possible to bring into production these millions of tons of low-grade ore which formerly it was uneconomical to exploit. That is why to-day we see the mines holding their best ore in reserve and sending to the stamp-mills ever-growing quantities of low-grade ore; that is why the yield of gold has fallen, while the tonnage of ore crushed has risen so enormously; and that is why it is now commonly stated that, under the new conditions, the prospective life of the gold-mines has been doubled.

The result has been an activity on the Rand which far outstrips any previous "boom." On the confident

with such disheartening regularity. Part of the surplus profits from the gold-mines is being used in this way to broaden the foundations of the industry in preparation for the inevitable day, however distant it may now be, when

which there is no demand is still lying at Kimberley' door only serves to heighten the tragedy.

South Africa's other industries, however, are flourishing. Engineering and building are two of the most notable examples. The demands of the mining industry have brought prosperity to the engineering shops of the Rand, and the value of the building plans at present being carried out in Johannesburg alone runs into millions. A bold new departure is represented by the establishment of the national iron and steel industry at Pretoria. This enterprise, in which £5,500,000 has been invested, mostly by the Government, is now in full production. It exists to serve the local market only, in particular the growing industrial centre of the Rand, far removed from the nearest port and thus protected geographically from the blast of overseas competition. Here, from local ores, pig-iron is being produced at the rate of 500 tons a day, and steel is being manufactured at the rate of 550 tons a day. In addition, large quantities of by-products, such as benzole, creosote, and crude tar, are being manufactured. Well-known British firms are working in close co-operation with the South African Iron and Steel Corporation in the disposal of the output from the new works, and the Corporation can also count on steady support from the State Railways. It was recently stated by Dr. H. J. van der Bijl, the Chairman, that this industrial structure is

WOOL—OF WHICH SOUTH AFRICA PRODUCES CONSIDERABLE QUANTITIES: SHEEP OF A TYPICAL BREED ON A FARM AT ERMELO, TRANSVAAL.

Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.

the mines will have ceased to function and the premium is no more. No one can say it is not a wise policy.

There was a time when the life of the Rand could be calculated with mathematical accuracy. But for the fortuitous change that has come over the situation in the last two years, gold production would ere this have been on a descending scale. Now that the higher price has brought vast new areas into production and also made it practicable to follow the Reef to greater depths than ever before—they are already mining at 8500 ft. below sea-level at one point—the life of the Rand has once

expected, in a relatively short time, to have a turnover of several million pounds per annum, and to give employment to several thousand workers.

South Africa has prodigious coal reserves, and a natural result of the activity on the Rand and elsewhere has been that coal-mining has received an impetus. Base metals, with which the Union is bounteously endowed, have lately also been showing a steady improvement, and there are signs that, in the near future, this field will receive more systematic exploitation, both from the point of view of home and overseas markets. Mention must also be made of the important sugar industry, which is confined to Natal, and which has been registering steady progress in recent years; and of the historic wine industry, which is confined to the Cape, and which has been developing on sound and enterprising lines.

South Africa to-day is a land of optimism. The Cape of Good Hope never had a fuller meaning. In two short sentences, after his return from his memorable tour of the Union this year, his Royal Highness Prince George summarised the situation and outlook effectively in these words:

BEEF—A SOUTH AFRICAN PRODUCT WITH A PROMISING FUTURE BEFORE IT: A CHARACTERISTIC RANCHING SCENE AT MATIBAS KRAAL, PIETERSBURG DISTRICT, TRANSVAAL.—[Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.]

assumption that gold will never return to its old price, millions of pounds are being sunk in developing existing mines, reviving old mines, and in establishing new mines. It is indicative of this activity that something like two hundred new mining ventures have been floated during the last eighteen months, with a total capital of £16,000,000, and that the number of European and native employees in the gold-mining industry has risen to between 250,000 and 300,000.

All this has, of course, meant a phenomenal increase in the purchases of plant, stores, and foodstuffs by the mines, with corresponding benefit to local industries and the farmers, as well as to the railways, the Customs, the shipping companies, and British manufacturers. It explains to some extent why South Africa, with less than two million Europeans, has jumped into the position of Great Britain's second-best customer in the whole world. Her imports from this country last year rose by £9,500,000 to £23,707,000, and represented 51 per cent. of her total trade. Incidentally, it may be said that South Africa is by no means satisfied that in return, apart from gold, Great Britain last year only purchased £8,625,000 worth of South African products. The Union has recently initiated an intensive campaign on the Continent with the object of finding fresh markets, notably for its growing production of fruit, and the Union High Commissioner in London has baldly intimated that, unless South Africa can be assured of a bigger share of the British market for her raw products, some of the purchases which the Union is making here to-day will have to be made elsewhere to-morrow, in order to redress the balance.

It is for her agricultural products, notably fruit and wool, that South Africa must find bigger and better markets. Her farming industry, notwithstanding the mines, is still the largest in the country. While the farmer's lot has improved, he has not fully shared in the general revival. Prices are still in too many cases disastrously low, and the farming industry suffers from a deadweight of debt which a patriarchal Government can relieve in this way and that, but is powerless to remove. By irrigation and other schemes, the Government are doing more than ever before to neutralise the hazards of recurrent drought or flood or pests which assail Union agriculture

again become an unknown quantity; but there is nevertheless a time-limit to it, and that is a fact of which no Union Government can afford to lose sight. The plight of Kimberley is quoted as a warning. Kimberley is a town which has been built up round the diamond-mines, with little else to sustain it. To-day, with the world demand for diamonds at its lowest ebb, Kimberley is in a tragic position. The mines are closed down, and there is nothing to take their place. The town which has produced tens of millions in the last sixty years is, to all intents and purposes, derelict. No one can say when the mines will be reopened, and the fact that untold wealth for



FRUIT-GROWING—AN INDUSTRY FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF WHICH SOUTH AFRICA IS ADMIRABLY WELL SUITED: A VIEW IN THE FAMOUS ORCHARDS AT GROOT CONSTANTIA, WITH PEAR TREES IN THE FOREGROUND AND VINEYARDS IN THE DISTANCE.

Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.

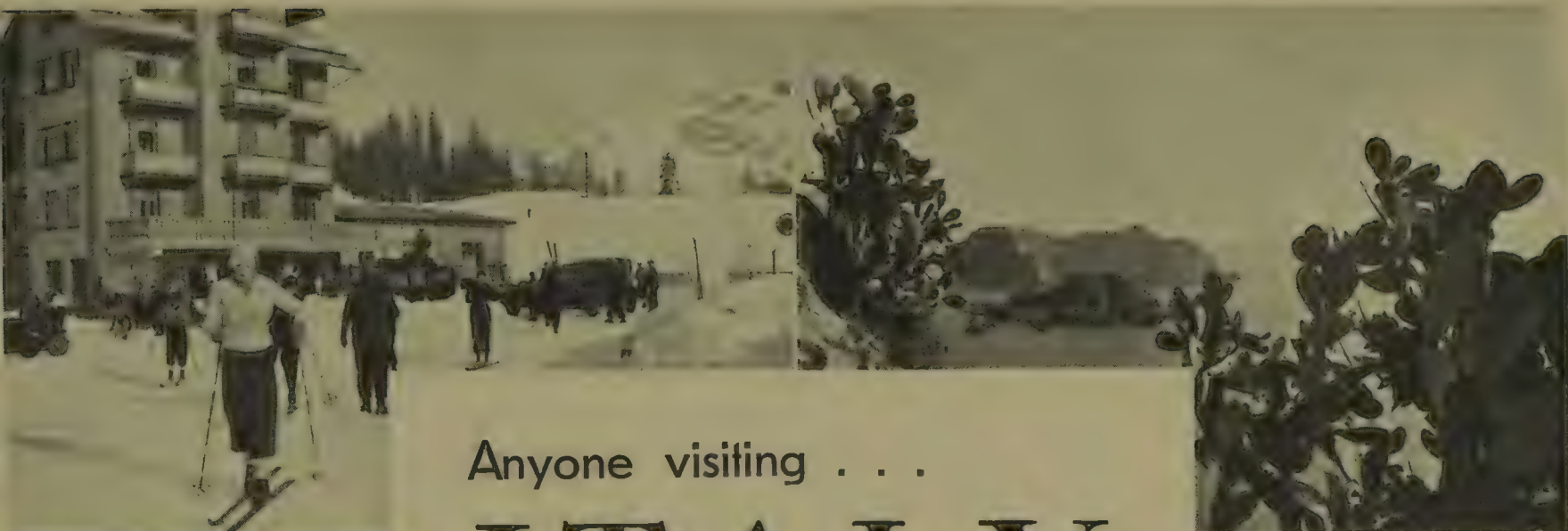
"My most vivid impression was of the extraordinary activity in Johannesburg and all along the Reef. . . . My lasting impression of the tour is one of co-operative effort at the present time and faith in the future."



SOUTH AFRICAN WINE-GROWING—A HISTORIC OCCUPATION IN THE CAPE: WINE-GRAPES COLLECTED IN BASKETS READY FOR PRESSING.

Photograph by Courtesy of South African Railways.

South Africa's prosperity is reflected in banking. The report of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd., read at the recent annual general meeting, stated that the balance of profit for the year, after making an appropriation to Contingencies' Account, is £433,180, which, with the amount of £154,400 brought forward, leaves for disposal the sum of £587,580. The interim dividend paid in January absorbed the sum of £125,000, and, after appropriating £75,000 to writing down bank premises, there is available a balance of £387,580, which the directors recommend be disposed of by adding £100,000 to the Pension Fund, and by the payment of a final dividend of 5s. per share, making a total distribution of 10 per cent. for the year, and carrying forward the sum of £162,580, an increase of £8180 on last year's figure.



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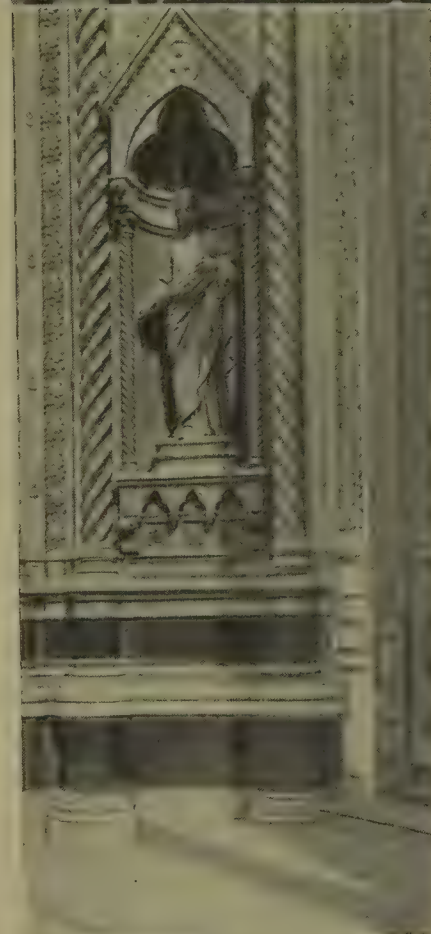
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A LEADING factor in the great progress which has been made in South Africa during recent years is that of the expansion of the railways. From the year 1860, when the first railway line was opened—from Durban Town to the port—railway mileage has grown to the astonishing figure of 13,781 miles, including 1462 miles in South-West Africa, and 680 miles of private lines, of which 485 miles are in Bechuanaland, and to-day there is no large district in the whole of the Union which lacks railway transport facilities; whilst in the more populous districts there is a network of railroads connecting every town of any importance and giving a good service to all agricultural and industrial centres.

This has been made possible largely by reason of the Union of South Africa, in the year 1910, which brought the existing railways and harbours of Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal under a single head, their joint control being vested in a body known as the South African Railways and Harbours Administration. This single control has enabled a policy of all-round unification to be carried out which has brought the railways of South Africa to a very high state of efficiency in every branch, and has given the country that which it needs more than anything else for its further development—a widespread system of cheap and expeditious railway transport. From Cape Town the railways radiate in all directions—southwards along the coast to the bathing resorts of False Bay, via Worcester, eastwards to Mossel Bay and Knysna, and, by way of George, Oudtshoorn, and Klipplaat Junction, to Port Elizabeth, known as the Garden Route, and, via Rosmead Junction, to Maclear and Umtata, on the borders, respectively, of East Griqualand and Pondoland. Rocky, mountainous country bars further progress here, and the Cape Town-Durban line runs by way of Worcester, Touws River, De Aar, Nauwpoort, Springfontein, Bloemfontein, Ladybrand, Bethlehem, Ladysmith, and Pietermaritzburg; whilst from Durban a line runs along the coast, north and south, for a considerable distance.

The direct Cape Town-Johannesburg line proceeds by way of Beaufort West, De Aar, Belmont, Kimberley, and Eastleigh; northwards from Johannesburg the railway runs to Pretoria; on from there northwards to Messina, on the border of Southern Rhodesia; and eastwards to Komati Poort, on the Mozambique border, connecting there with the railway to Lourenço Marques. The direct route to Rhodesia follows the Johannesburg route as far as Fourteen Streams, and from there runs due north, over the great Kalahari Desert, and through Bechuanaland, by way of Mafeking and Palapye Road, past the distant Matopo Hills, to Bulawayo, where it forks left to Livingstone for the Victoria Falls, going on to connect with the Belgian Congo line, and right, to Salisbury, from which town a line connects with Beira, on the coast of Mozambique.

Lines run northwards from Cape Town to Saldanha, on the Atlantic coast, and to Bitterfontein, on the border of Namaqualand, and from Hutchinson Junction, on the Johannesburg main line, to Calvinia and Zak River, on the borders of Bushmanland; also from De Aar Junction, on that line, a very important branch, which forks left to the coast at Luderitz, runs north-westwards to Windhoek, the capital of South-West Africa, and from there to Swakopmund, on the coast, and to the mining towns of Otavi, Tsumeb, and Grootfontein. These are the most important of the South African railway lines, but they are connected, particularly in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Southern Transvaal, with numerous branch lines which make the system, as a whole, very complete; and it may be mentioned here that the busy lines from Cape Town to Simonstown, twenty-two miles, and to Belleville, ten miles,

THE RAILWAYS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

and a 200-mile stretch on the main Natal line, have been electrified, the latter being one of the longest stretches of electrified railway in the British Empire. Further, feeder services of road motor-vehicles connect the railways with the outlying districts, for goods and passengers, the route mileage thus served totalling 10,200 miles; and motorists using their own cars who hold two first or second class

gradients and curvature, tunnels being avoided almost entirely. This has necessitated much improvement, and during recent years heavy earthworks and tunnelling projects of appreciable magnitude have been carried out and a new bridge built—the Gouritz River Bridge—on the Worcester-Mossel Bay line, which has a length of 770 ft., a height of 210 ft., and which cost £85,000. The longest bridge on the system is that which crosses the Orange River, at Upington, which has a deck bridge of 102 spans and a total length of 2974 ft. The longest tunnel is the Delville, 1000 yards, between Durban and Pietermaritzburg.

Travel is speedy and very comfortable on the South African railways. From Cape Town to Johannesburg, a distance of 956 miles, and which necessitates a rise of 5735 ft., occupies thirty hours only; the Cape Town to Durban journey, one of 1253 miles, much of it through a very mountainous district, takes two days; and from Cape Town to Bulawayo, which is 2033 miles, the time occupied is only two days also. As for comfort, although the standard gauge of the South African railways is 3 ft. 6 in., the latest coaches of the articulated type have the convenient and comfortable width of 9 ft. 3 in., and these articulated saloons, together with an observation saloon and a twin dining-car, are a feature of the *de luxe* service which operates between Cape Town and Johannesburg.

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A noteworthy feature of the South African Railways and Harbours Administration is the splendid Publicity and Travel Department it maintains, which has established tourist and travel bureaux at Johannesburg, Cape Town, Durban, and Pretoria, and has its representatives in the System Manager's offices in Bloemfontein, Kimberley, East London, Port Elizabeth, and Windhoek, whilst all station-masters act as agents. It has established an office, too, in London—there are agents also in America and throughout the civilised world—which is fully equipped to advertise the country's attractions and potentialities, to prepare itineraries for tours, and to give all information concerning them; to issue inclusive

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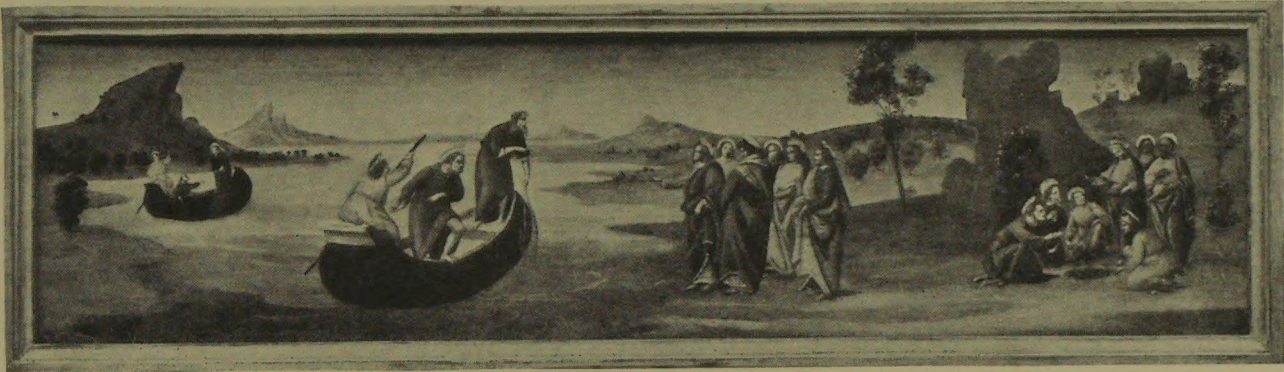
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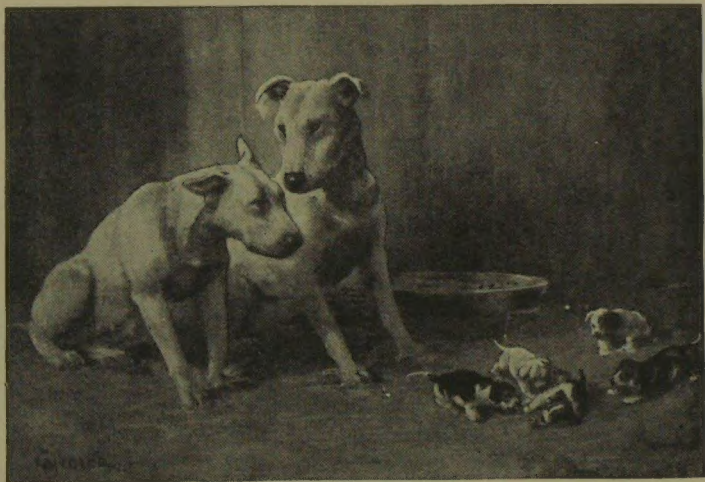
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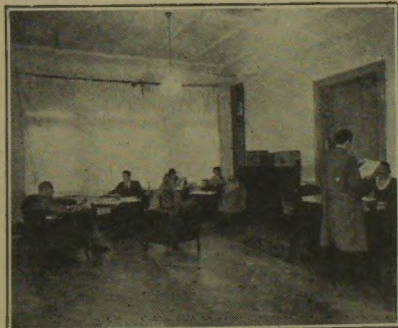
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THE Cavendishes were a theatrical family whose world was bounded by wings, backcloth, and footlights. Grease-paint was in their blood; particularly in the veins of the eighty-year-old Fanny Cavendish (Miss Marie Tempest), who, even at her age, was anxious to go "on the road" again. Her daughter, Julie (Miss Madge Titheradge) was in love with a wealthy prospector (Mr. Tristan Rawson), and would have married him had he not made the mistake of belittling the stage and implying that it was better to be a good wife than a great actress. Gwen (Miss Margaret Vines), the granddaughter, actually got married and had a baby, but before the infant was a month old she had decided to return to the stage until it was old enough to need the care of a mother more than that of a nurse! Indeed, there was even a faint suggestion that the child, being destined by blood for the theatre, might as well make an infant début as Eliza's baby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The very bad boy of the family was Anthony (played with immense spirit by Mr. Lawrence Olivier, a cross between Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. John Barrymore), who had the unfortunate habit of getting engaged to women he had no intention of marrying, running into debt, even shooting people—and flying to his family for protection. The first act dragged somewhat, until the entry of Mr. Olivier, but after that there was constant laughter on the first night. Whether the play will appeal as much to audiences less interested in the "inside" of the theatre remains to be seen. It is to be hoped that this may be one of the few exceptions to the rule that plays concerning the stage seldom succeed, for there is a deal of wit in it, and some of the best acting now to be seen in London.

"LOVER'S LEAP," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

This is one of the brightest artificial comedies seen in London for some time. Mrs. Storer is a captivating woman, but has a temper. On one occasion she bit her husband's finger, with the consequence that when he took the dog out for a run that night he failed to return, but went to Egypt. Taking the dog with him, to his wife's regret. At the opening of the play he has come back to ask his wife to divorce him. He wants to marry, not so much for love as companionship. Mrs. Storer's reception of her husband is somewhat marred by the fact that she is suffering from hiccups. To encourage her sister to marry, she persuades her husband to pretend a reconciliation. Unhappily, a thunderstorm so upsets her nerves that they quarrel again, with the result that the fiancé is sent into the library to punch his host's head. Mrs. Storer then takes shelter from the storm in the boot cupboard, where she drinks a bottle of sherry kept there for such occasions. Slightly bilious the next morning, she learns to her dismay that, so far from having had his head punched, her husband has aroused a passion for Egyptology in his guest. To such a degree that the two leave for Egypt together. A light comedy without a dull moment in it. Miss Nora Swinburne gives a delightful performance as the wife, and Mr. Walter Hudd scores a success as a shy suitor.

CAPTURING OKAPIS.—(Continued from Page 693.)

However, goat's milk did not seem to agree with him, and after a week or so he became perfectly disgusted with it. He must have felt keenly the lack of his warm, natural source of nourishment, for, turning away from his bottle, he continually nuzzled his head in our shoulders, seeking the consoling contact of his mother.

I determined, therefore, to risk keeping a cow, hoping also that some sort of friendship would develop whereby Toto could have not only the necessary milk, but a good warm companion during the night. But the cow which we purchased in Irumu, transporting it in a Bedford truck and laboriously driving it across the forest, showed at once a decidedly unpleasant character. No sooner was she inside the palisade than she attempted to charge the little okapi, and I barely managed to divert her long horns.

Clouds of flies, among which I noticed many tsetse, absolutely unusual in our clearing, soon gathered around the cow and her calf, so that, under the obvious impossibility of keeping them in good health in the forest, I preferred to send them away before accustoming the okapi to a new milk on which I could not continue to keep him. Experiments have led me to conclude that, continuous change of milk being dangerous, and the milk of native goats being very variable, often infected, and always distasteful to the okapi, the best nourishment for a young one unweaned is natural cow's milk in tins of some reliable brand. There is also the great advantage that the animal can be kept on this nourishment throughout the trip to Europe and as long as he requires milk after arrival there. Although it needs much patience and time, I believe also that, if one wants to bring young okapis safely to Europe in such condition that they can live long there in perfect health, it is much better to wean them in the forest, and accustom them from the beginning to eat vegetables easy to find in Africa, on board ship, and in England all the year round, instead of the leaves that the okapi eats in the forest. For this purpose, in the middle of the huge clearing of our base camp we planted a little garden. The prodigious fertility of the soil, the heat of the equatorial sun, and the almost daily rainfall make it possible to grow with incredible speed turnips, lettuce, potatoes, cabbages, and bananas. The leaves of these vegetables, with the fruit of bananas, and the potatoes boiled, are all the okapi needs, and incidentally provide a pleasant variety to the monotony of our mess.

When, in the near future, as I hope, we shall have two young okapis in the palisade, where they can run and play together and keep each other company in their hut during the night, when both will be perfectly accustomed to their daily ration of European vegetables, and will have learned to see in man—as Toto did from the very first days—a safe and trustworthy friend, then we shall be able to begin the long trip of 3500 miles to London and feel that our job is done.

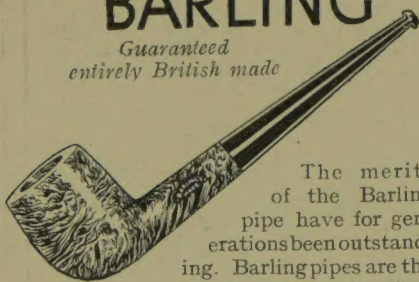
Meanwhile, I must express a deep and grateful acknowledgment to M. le Ministre Tshoffen, who gave me the exceptional permit to capture and export these okapis; to Colonel Dufour, Governor of the Province of Stanleyville; to Mr. Absill, D.C. of the Ituri District; Mr. S. Lauwers and M. Géard, and all the other officials with whom we have had to do, for it will be due also to their unending courtesy and sympathetic assistance if in the near future the London public is able to find enjoyment in observing the first okapis ever brought to England.—(NOTE. Another article and further illustrations concerning the okapi will be given in a subsequent issue.)

In connection with the photographs of the remarkable Trans-Greenland Expedition led by Mr. Martin Lindsay, published in our issue of Oct. 27, the statement occurred that "the weather prevented the party from surveying the hinterland." This was somewhat misleading; the survey programme was carried out, although bad weather detracted from the accuracy of it. The survey work in the eastern hinterland of Greenland was, indeed, the object of the Expedition. It is hardly necessary to add that to minimise the magnificent accomplishments of the Expedition was the last thing intended.

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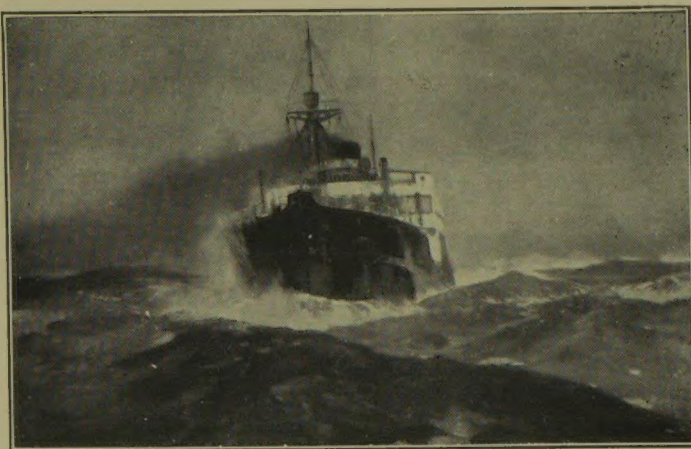
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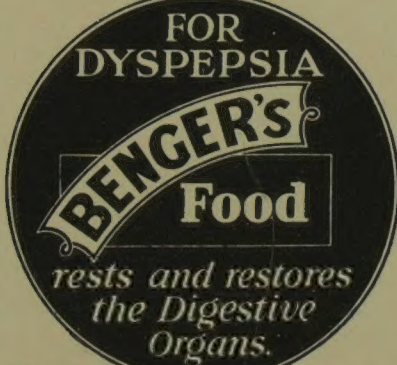
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